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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE outstanding event at the League Assembly has been the speech delivered by Sir Austen Chamberlain last Saturday, on which we comment in a leading article. This speech has been the principal topic of discussion both at Geneva and elsewhere; and the interest aroused by it has robbed Dr. Stresemann's speech on the previous day of some of the notice which it would otherwise have received. Dr. Stresemann displayed a tact with which German statesmen are not usually credited. He had been expected to dwell on the clause in the Treaty of Versailles which professed to impose disarmament on Germany merely as a preliminary to general disarmament; to raise the question of the evacuation of the Rhineland; and generally to ventilate German grievances. But he avoided carefully

any discordant note; and won general approval by an eloquent speech full of fervour for peace and the League's work. He pointed out for the benefit of the Poles that Germany, under Locarno, has renounced the appeal to war in respect of her Eastern as well as her Western frontiers. He praised the Report of the World Economic Conference, and supported the suggestion of Sir Edward Hilton Young that a permanent body should be created to carry on its work. And he offered more than fine words by announcing that Germany proposed to sign the Optional Clause, accepting the jurisdiction of the Hague Court on legal disputes. The speech was completely successful in establishing Germany in a moment as a good League member; and the knowledge that Germany stands well at Geneva cannot but exert the most healthy influence on German opinion. M. Briand responded with the utmost cordiality on the following day.

* * *

The Polish motion, which had been the subject of so much preliminary intrigue and controversy, proved in its final form to be merely a declaration that "all war is and remains prohibited," that disputes of all kinds must be settled by pacific means and that Members of the League are under obligation to conform to these principles. Sir Austen Chamberlain stated that he welcomed this motion; and it may do some good, and certainly no harm, to pass it. On Tuesday the Assembly split up into its various Committees. The tenour of the speeches in the Third Committee indicates that the general opinion is strongly against postponement of the meeting of the Preparatory Commission on Disarmament, which is due to resume its labours in November.

* * *

The trade returns for August are less unsatisfactory than those for recent months, but they are very far from satisfactory, and the drift which they reveal in the balance of trade remains disquieting. The usual comparison with last August yields an apparently favourable impression; but the comparison is valueless, since last August the coal stoppage was exerting its full influence. When comparison is made with 1925, it is seen that exports are lower and the visible "adverse" balance of trade is greater both for the month and for the eight months as a whole. Moreover, 1925 was a very bad year. The figures are the more serious because it is clear that we cannot expect better results in the near future. The position of the export industries, taken as a whole, is getting worse rather than better, a fact reflected in the rising numbers of unemployed. There is a growing tendency to realize the seriousness of the position; and Mr. Churchill could hardly have chosen a worse moment for his rash pronouncement that British industry is once more "in full swing."

We call the balance of trade disquieting because there is reason to fear that it may lead in time to serious trouble. Unless the Board of Trade estimates of the "invisible" items in the balance of payments, which were revised optimistically not so long ago, still greatly underestimate the real strength of our position, the margin available for fresh overseas investment must be much less than the investments which we are actually making. For this to be possible, we must, of course, have been borrowing "short" a large part of what we have been lending "long"; and there seems little doubt that this has in fact been happening in recent years. In the past year, for example, the Bank of France has accumulated large balances in London which represent in effect a short loan on a very large scale. But we cannot square the balance of foreign accounts indefinitely by such means; and unless the balance of trade improves, or our overseas investments undergo a further drastic reduction, it seems not unlikely that we may sooner or later be confronted with an outflow of gold, with all its deflationary implications. Assuredly we have not yet "worked off" the results of returning to the Gold Standard.

* * *

The Queensland railway dispute ended very speedily in a complete victory for Mr. McCormack; and the railwaymen have agreed to sign an undertaking to observe the rules of the service. The quick collapse of the strike was due to the fact that large sections of the railwaymen were evidently out of sympathy with the militant policy pursued by the union. In his firm course of action, Mr. McCormack was upheld by the Parliamentary Labour Party with a remarkable measure of unanimity, a vote of confidence in him being passed by 38 votes to 4. Altogether, the episode is an instructive one. It indicates, on the one hand, how baseless are the beliefs that militant trade-unionism becomes any less militant either when its industry is a public service or when a Labour Government is in power. It indicates, on the other hand, that the attitude of a Labour Government towards strikes or "sympathetic" actions which menace vital services cannot in the long run be very different from the attitude of other Governments. The NEW LEADER, we observe, describes the affair as "The Australian Tragedy." We have seen no account of it in the DAILY HERALD.

* * *

The consternation of American manufacturers and exporters in the presence of the new French tariff is the most revealing display that has been provided for Free Traders during the past few years, being equalled only by the gusto with which it is recorded in our Protectionist Press. The American contention is that the tariff sounds the knell of their trade with France, although the French say there is no reason why the United States should lose more than two millions sterling a year. The new duties, as a matter of fact, are a smashing blow for American traders, who can see no hope whatever in the situation. If the economic policy of the United States is to be adjusted to that of Europe a new series of commercial treaties must be negotiated, and that is the work of many years. As matters stand at present Washington is helpless against such drastic

schedules as those of the French Tariff Act, for there is nothing with which the United States Government can bargain. The American tariff applies to all imports alike, and, as the MORNING POST points out, with the clarity of all English Protectionists when discussing the sorrows brought by the high tariff upon other lands, many of the very manufacturers who are crying out against the French duties would like to see in their own country an enhancement even of the ferocious scale of duties imposed under the existing Fordney-McCumber Act. President Coolidge, by the way, holds that high tariffs and prosperity go coupled and inseparable. The French Government has furnished him with an illustration.

* * *

The King of Spain has issued a decree for convening the national assembly on October 10th. The decree still leaves doubt about the method of electing the assembly, but its general composition and duties are clear. It is to be a consultative body, composed of representatives of the State, the provinces, the municipalities, the business world, and the liberal professions. It is to be presided over by a board, and is to work in committees; but it is not to share the sovereign power or to assume duties of the executive. This consultative assembly is reminiscent of bodies which used to be called the "estates of the realm," and its method of procedure is very similar to that of the councils of the Church. It will be interesting to observe the results of this attempt to adapt mediæval institutions to the needs of the present day. The experiment will at least have the advantage of being launched in a favourable atmosphere. The new body will be drawn from the 8,000,000 voters who recorded their goodwill towards the Directory at the plebiscite, and will not be representative of a governing faction. But its relations with the Directory seem likely to be friendly enough.

* * *

The Japanese have again suffered a terrible disaster. A typhoon appears to have struck the south-western end of Kiushiu, and to have been accompanied by a seismic wave. Immense damage has been done in the prefecture of Fukuoka, and the towns to the east of Nagasaki have suffered severely. Five thousand houses are said to have been destroyed in Omuta, one thousand in Kajima, and as many more in Nakamura. At least a thousand persons have been killed, and at least fifteen thousand are homeless. In addition to all this, the local fishing fleets were caught in the typhoon, and have probably been wiped out. The Japanese will, no doubt, accept this new visitation as stoically and uncomplainingly as those that have gone before: the admirable self-control of the Japanese people and their authorities makes it the more incumbent upon less afflicted communities to express their sympathy for these terrible and repeated calamities.

* * *

It is worse than useless to make any forecast of the probable results of the Irish elections. Proportional representation, as a rule, acts as a check against any big political "turn over," and even if Mr. Cosgrave obtains a majority it will probably be a composite one. He may come out of the election in a strong enough

position to adhere to his general policy; but the constitution of his parliamentary bloc may oblige him to change his tariff and fiscal policy. Also, it would be most unwise to place any importance upon the points that each party has scored against the other during the last week. These controversial successes are made at a moment when the voters have made up their minds; few people would alter their ballot papers because Mr. Culverwell, of Trinity College, Dublin, has presented Mr. de Valera with a questionnaire that the Republican leader finds hard to answer. Past elections have shown that the Republicans command a strong vote, and there is no reason to suppose that it will be very much decreased, or increased to such a figure that Mr. de Valera and his friends would be strong enough to embark upon a really provocative and adventurous policy.

* * *

The crisis that has arisen in the Indian Legislative Assembly over the Reserve Bank Bill is of a highly complicated character. The Government, however, has not withdrawn the Bill, but is suspending it for reconsideration. Sir Basil Blackett offered his resignation a week ago. It was, naturally, not accepted by the Viceroy, and we may assume that the Finance Member has no intention of tendering it again. Replying effectively to his critics in the Assembly, Sir Basil pointed out that the Bill had been seriously changed by the Joint Committee of the Legislatures, and that in several essential matters it ran counter to the principles that had been laid down by the Currency Commission and accepted by the Government of India as the basis of legislation. The Commission recommended a shareholders' bank, from which all political influences were to be excluded. This involved the disqualification of members of the Legislatures from becoming directors. The Joint Committee insisted upon removing this disqualification and inserting a provision that either the governor or deputy-governor of the Bank should be an Indian. The Indian members of the Assembly were themselves sharply divided on the Bill, the cleavage being disclosed as an aspect of the rapidly developing hostility between the agrarian and industrial interests in modern India. It is clear that after the outburst of anger and suspicion which greeted the Government's condemnation of the Bill in its altered form Sir Basil Blackett, who has pursued a difficult course with great skill and good temper, was able completely to regain his authority in the Assembly. His assurance that the Bill had not been dropped was welcomed by all parties.

* * *

We can recall no incident parallel to that of the organized Indian agitation over "Mother India," the book by an American woman writer which was reviewed in *THE NATION* two months ago by the competent hand of Dr. Edward Thompson. When the Legislative Assembly met at Simla in August there was talk of a demand by the Indian members for the banning of the book by the Government of India (an obviously absurd suggestion), and there was held recently in the Calcutta Town Hall a great meeting of protest against what is called Miss Katherine Mayo's intolerable affront to Indian womanhood. It is true that part of Miss Mayo's thesis is that the slave mentality of Indian

women, consequent upon the evils of child marriage and the purdah, is a main element in the perpetuation of the social system arraigned in "Mother India." But the chapters of the book that have aroused horror and pity in the English-speaking world are those in which the author restates, with circumstance, the torments endured by the child wives and widows of India. It is nothing like an insult to Indian womanhood that the Western reader can find here, but the exact contrary. The Swaraj politicians have, in the Calcutta demonstration, given a startling exhibition of Bengali logic.

* * *

We observe that the *DAILY NEWS* has launched an agitation about Oscar Slater, to whose case we called attention in a leading article some weeks ago. We are heartily glad that an important newspaper has decided to take up this case. It is, indeed, rather curious that the Press should hitherto have taken so little interest in it. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle revealed the strong grounds which exist for suspecting a miscarriage of justice in a careful and convincing book published as long ago as 1912; and it might have been expected that the "stunt" value of the case would have been sufficient in itself to secure for it a widespread publicity. There is, however, a large element of chance in these matters; from the standpoint of mass publicity, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's book fell flat; and there was not sufficient interest in the question to bring it seriously before the notice of Parliament. It is satisfactory to think that Mr. Park's recent book has not fallen on such stony ground. It is a matter of real public importance that even at this late stage the matter should be thoroughly probed. In view of our virtuous indignation with America over Sacco and Vanzetti, it is not creditable that we should remain undisturbed by a much clearer case of judicial miscarriage in our country.

* * *

At the National Display Convention held in Leicester last week, the editor of the *DRAPERS' RECORD* announced that the greatest present influence on the display of merchandise was Pablo Picasso. At the National Federation of Merchant Tailors held on the same day in Portsmouth, it was decided to embark on a national advertising campaign, stimulated by the "Eat More Fruit" campaign, which by an expenditure of £40,000 had increased consumption by £2,000,000, and by the campaign of the opticians which had increased the demand for spectacles and eye-glasses beyond all expectations. "If the master tailors did not wake up," the Conference was told, "they would find that the hatter and the hosier would have secured all their trade." Perhaps this danger represents the influence of Rubens. At any rate we look forward to the artistic consequences of the "Wear More Trousers" Movement.

* * *

Lord Cecil has sent a message to the League of Nations Union indicating that he needs a rest before he can enter on his campaign for disarmament, but asking that plans should be made for it, and urging his friends meanwhile "to be up and doing." Arrangements have been made, it is understood, for a meeting at the Albert Hall towards the end of October.

* * *

The September issue of the *FORWARD VIEW*, which has now been published (price 3d.), is entirely devoted to reports of the addresses delivered at the Liberal Summer School at Cambridge this year.

BRITAIN AND THE LEAGUE

WE do not join in the criticisms which many Liberal journals have directed against Sir Austen Chamberlain for the speech which he made last Saturday to the League Assembly. The spine and marrow of his speech was an emphatic statement that the British Empire refuses to assume any further "sanctions" obligations. In making this clear he discharged, as most of his critics admit, a public duty, and expressed—let there be no illusions on the point—the settled mind of the Empire as a whole. It is complained that his "tone" was wrong. When you agree with what a speaker says, but are disconcerted at the way his audience receives it, it is easy and tempting to criticize his tone. But we cannot honestly find much to quarrel with in Sir Austen's tone on this occasion. He was, rightly, candid and outspoken, and, if there was an undertone of exasperation in his speech, there was, as we shall suggest later, some excuse for it. It is urged that his *non possumus* in regard to "security" made it the more important that he should do something to put us right with League opinion by indicating an advance in our readiness to submit our own disputes to arbitration; and the complaint is made that he failed to do so. This is a much more valid criticism, but it relates rather to the policy of the Cabinet than to Sir Austen's oratory.

If Sir Austen's speech is studied carefully, it will be seen that he differentiated clearly and even sharply between the determined nature of our attitude in regard to "security," and the comparatively casual nature of our backwardness on Arbitration. On the former issue he was, as we have said, emphatic with a touch of exasperation:—

"You invite us to take for every country and for every frontier the guarantee which we have taken for one by treaty. If you ask us that, you ask us the impossible. Our strength, great as it may be, is not equal to the task with which you would charge us. If I held out to you the hope that we can undertake such extensive obligations, I should deceive you. If we were to undertake in the present state of the world and at this time such extensive obligations, we could not keep them."

In regard to Arbitration, his tone was very different:—

"I would beg you to bear in mind the special conditions of the British Empire. Ours is not a unitary system of government such as prevails in your countries. We are a great community of free and equal nations, each autonomous, united in the oldest league of peace in the world. It is not easy for an empire so constituted always to accept obligations that can be readily undertaken by a State homogeneous, compact, and speaking by the voice of but a single Government. . . . I do not know whether we have signed more treaties of arbitration than Italy or any other country or not. I think we have arbitrated more grave problems than any other country in the world."

Now what does this mean? What are the facts to which Sir Austen Chamberlain is referring in this passage? Great Britain has, so far, refused to sign the so-called "Optional Clause" which would bind us to accept the ruling of the Hague Court on disputes of a legal or justiciable nature. Why? Because certain of the Dominions entertain apprehensions, which seem entirely baseless, that the Court might conceivably claim jurisdiction over disputes relating to their immigration policies. And, in deference to this sentiment, the British Government pledged itself at the last Im-

perial Conference not to accept obligatory arbitration without the assent of the Dominions. That is not quite the whole story. British Governments have always had a misgiving of their own about the Optional Clause—namely, that the jurists of different countries notoriously place widely different interpretations on the international law relating to the seizure of private property at sea in time of war; and we wish to be free to act in accordance with our own interpretation should another war take place. That is, we believe, a complete account of the reasons which have held us back from signing the Optional Clause. And, for the same reasons, we have refused to enter into treaties of arbitration with, if you please, Switzerland and several other small neutral States which have proposed them.

Now there is nothing sinister in this attitude; but there is something deplorably narrow and unimaginative. The objections to which we have referred are not in the least insuperable. The Admiralty objection about sea-law in time of war might easily be met by a reservation. The Dominion apprehensions on the score of immigration could almost certainly be overcome, if there was a real desire on the part of the British Government to do so. Why, before assuming the obligations which we undertook at Locarno, Sir Austen had to wrestle with both British and Dominion misgivings which were decidedly stronger than any which apply to the Optional Clause. But Sir Austen was in earnest about Locarno. He realized the immense importance of Franco-German reconciliation, and he was ready to overcome mountains of difficulty in the cause. He has never, unfortunately, appreciated quite so clearly the importance of that vague but real entity, called League opinion, or the bad impression that must be caused by an apparently reactionary attitude on Arbitration. "The truth appears to be," we wrote just two years ago, when there were already signs that Britain was in bad odour at Geneva, "that to Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues France is a living entity, with needs and susceptibilities of which they must take account; while the League is still to them a dead thing, a piece of machinery merely, to which indeed they feel no ill-will, but which they do not conceive as possessing personality, a point of view, corns upon which it is possible to tread. This is a serious mistake." We are suffering now from the consequences of that mistake.

Is it too much to hope that the Government may now revise its policy upon this question? The speech made by the Canadian delegate, Senator Dandurand, supplies an opportunity for reopening the matter with the Dominions. Canada, declared M. Dandurand, is ready:—

"to consider acceptance of the obligatory jurisdiction of the Permanent Court of International Justice in disputes of a legal character, subject to certain reservations, and to examine means of completing the clauses of the Covenant dealing with the settlement of disputes of a non-legal character, while reserving the final decision in questions of a domestic character and without assuming any heavier obligations with regard to the application of sanctions."

This declaration creates a new situation. It suggests that the desire for unity in Empire policy will not be best fulfilled by the maintenance of a purely negative attitude. And surely the various points in M. Dandurand's declaration comprise a policy which would be

acceptable to the Empire as a whole. Adherence to the Optional Clause, reserving (if such reservations are really needed) maritime law and domestic questions; the renunciation of war as a means of settling non-legal disputes; a refusal to entertain further commitments in respect of sanctions. What is there in this to which Great Britain, Australia, or any other Dominion has any serious objection to offer? Sir George Pearce, the Australian delegate, criticized the method of compulsory arbitration in the light of Australian experience in the field of industrial disputes. The chance of getting a favourable award tended, he thought, to "generate artificial disputes." We think that there is force in this objection. Arbitration is best kept, in our opinion, for legal disputes. In the case of non-legal disputes, it is best to rest content with machinery of conciliation, the question, if that fails, being simply left unsettled. But that is a comparatively small point. The important point is that war, as a means of settling any question, should be renounced.

There is no reason in the world why any part of the British Empire should be reluctant to give such renunciatory undertakings, provided they are not so mixed up with "sanctions" as to entail an extension of our liabilities as guarantors. Nor do we believe, if the issue is freed from such complications, that any real reluctance will be found to exist anywhere in the British Commonwealth. Upon this matter, our statesmen are not rigidly set in an attitude of obstruction. They have merely been rather indifferent and unimaginative. The issue has been mixed up, not by them, but by others, with the issue of guarantees, on which they are determined, as we think rightly, to go no further than they have gone. They have not attempted to disentangle the two issues; they have allowed the confusion to remain; and, as a result, a most unjust impression of British policy has been created at Geneva. The first step towards removing this impression is to sign the Optional Clause; and we trust that this at least will be done before the Ninth Assembly meets.

But something must be said on the other side. We have much sympathy, as we have said, with the exasperation which Sir Austen Chamberlain revealed. No failings on the part of the present Government are an adequate excuse for the extraordinary propaganda, in which disinterested League enthusiasts have joined with calculating Continental realists to represent Great Britain as the great "obstacle" to the development of the League idea. France, it seems, is the good boy. We are the bad boy, holding back Arbitration, Security, Disarmament alike—the brake on all the League's work. Now what are the facts? If we have not signed the Optional Clause, neither had any other Great Power, until Dr. Stresemann announced last Saturday the intention of Germany to do so. If we have been rather difficult in disarmament negotiations, what State has not been difficult? We, at least, accepted the American invitation to the recent Three-Power Conference; France refused. Is that an offence on our part? Apparently it is, in the eyes of those who are filled with an extreme institutional jealousy for the League; France positively earns good marks for her refusal to join in a Conference outside the League. All the same, this does not really indicate greater disarmament earnestness on the part of France.

But the core of the matter is, of course, the Protocol; and the core of the Protocol issue is, of course,

guarantees. Let us sign the Optional Clause, renounce war, enter, if you like, into comprehensive undertakings for arbitration. By these means, we might clear away some genuine misunderstandings of our attitude; but we should not satisfy the demand which is the real driving force behind the Protocol—the demand for a firm British guarantee of the existing frontiers in the East of Europe. In refusing to give this guarantee, we are animated neither by a desire to make war on other States, nor by a desire to encourage other States to make war on one another; but by a reluctance to pledge our people to give their lives in a war which is by no means unlikely if some of these frontiers are not modified by agreement.

Now League opinion both at home and abroad must respect this attitude and accept it as a settled fact. There is nothing to be gained by tilting at it. We have guaranteed the Franco-German frontier, and that is as far as we shall go. If Disarmament is impracticable unless we guarantee the frontiers of Poland also, then Disarmament is impracticable. In that case, it will not be fair to lay the blame at our door; indeed, in view of the obligations which we have assumed, it will be monstrously unfair. But we do not believe it for a moment. Let us turn our attention to our own Disarmament policy. The causes of the failure of the Three-Power Conference need, as Lord Cecil says, to be "explored." Whatever they may be, they have assuredly nothing to do with the security or insecurity of Eastern Europe.

MORE IRISH ELECTIONS

(BY OUR IRISH CORRESPONDENT.)

BEFORE these words appear in print the immediate political future of the Irish Free State will have been decided once more, although the result will probably not be known; meanwhile, I am driven back again on the familiar task of prophecy. There seems to be very little doubt in most people's minds of a victory for the Government party, but the extent of that victory varies greatly in different forecasts. That the people who have to do the voting are quite unmoved by excitement is very obvious, but it would be a mistake to draw too definite conclusions from this fact. Ireland has the reputation of turning election meetings into faction fights, but, like many other reputations of the kind, it has been quite undeserved for many years past. A few shouts of "Up de Valera," followed by a mild baton charge, are all that we can point to in the last ten days of feverish electioneering. It is probably true that not more than about 60 per cent. of the electors will vote—the rest will be busily occupied in following the advice of Voltaire with regard to the cultivation of gardens. But the assumption that this "apathy," which our Press denounces twice daily, will necessarily be to the disadvantage of the Government, is not altogether as obvious as it seems. A very large number of the absentees will be of the class of people who have a profound dislike for the present Government, both as individuals and as a group, so that in no circumstances would they vote for them—yet they are unable to see any merit in the programmes put forward by the opposition groups. These people abstain from voting, not from apathy, but from disgust—or, if you prefer it, despair. Sooner or later they will probably go to swell the ranks of the emigrants, unless they are bound to the soil.

The chief difficulty of the intending voter is to unravel from the tangled web of personal feeling and cynical abuse

which constitutes the stock-in-trade of most of the speakers a few threads of genuine policy distinguishing one party from another. The world, of course, is given to understand that this is a fight between the supporters and the denouncers of the Treaty. To a certain extent this is true, but when we consider that only a few years ago the same issue was being debated in arms at the expense of the lives and property of Irishmen, we see how much the gap has narrowed. And when we listen to President Cosgrave on the one hand offering "to forgive and forget" on terms which he himself does not seem anxious to define too closely, and to Sean Temass, on the other hand (who is the most lucid of the Fianna Fail orators), stating that Mr. Cosgrave's speech "has changed the whole political situation . . .," and assuring us that "the policy he describes is the policy of Fianna Fail . . ." we begin to consider how very cheaply a bridge might be thrown over the remainder of the gap. If rumour is to be trusted, it was as a result of a rather typical effort to construct this bridge ahead of schedule and without the help of the recognized Union officials that Mr. Walsh fell between two planks and retired to convalesce at Lucerne. In other words, the ex-Chairman of the Cumann na nGaedhael organization, who is well known to have had many points of difference with his own colleagues and many sympathies (including his desire for a high protective tariff) with Mr. de Valera, was prepared to try to make a political pact with the latter, and was interrupted in the task by the sudden and to him apparently unexpected precipitation of a General Election.

If this rumour is correct, it is highly significant for the future. Pioneers in undertakings of this kind usually get into trouble, but it is not at all unusual for the paths which they have attempted to blaze to be trodden after a short time by many feet—as witness the position of Mr. Belton. I believe that if this election ends, as it probably will, in giving Cumann na nGaedhael from ten to fifteen more seats than it enjoys at present, the next development will be a gradual fusion of the two existing large parties, followed in a few years' time by a rearrangement which will give us a Nationalist-Protectionist party opposed to a Free Trade-Liberal Unionist party. The former will attract the support of Labour, the latter of the Farmers and most of the Independents. The analogy of South Africa should not be disregarded in considering Irish politics, and the development of Mr. de Valera's career is very likely to take the same lines as that of General Hertzog. That the relations between England and Ireland are in any serious danger, whatever the result of the election, I do not for a moment believe. Fianna Fail, even if it had the will, which is very doubtful, has certainly not the resources to contemplate for a moment the picturesque but obviously disastrous adventure which is described on election platforms as "having another round with England." All this talk about upsetting the Treaty by forcible methods is the merest rhetoric—known as such to both sides—and is used far more by Cosgrave's party as a bogey-man to frighten people out of voting for the opposition than by De Valera's party to induce people to vote for them. No doubt if Fianna Fail should come into power some demonstration would have to be made in regard to the two outstanding points—the oath and partition, but the former of these has already become "an empty formula," and the latter is so clearly established that any demonstration on the matter must be of the most academic description.

The real crux of the situation is finance. The Exchequer balance has fallen to a minus quantity, and the date fixed for a new loan has passed long ago. No doubt the Bank of Ireland is prepared to continue for some time to finance the necessary current expenditure, but meanwhile large bills falling due to contractors in connection with the

Shannon scheme and similar undertakings remain unpaid, and the effect on credit conditions throughout the country is extremely bad. The first duty of a new Government will be to raise a large loan for the purpose of clearing off current indebtedness and restoring stable financial conditions. Mr. de Valera professes to recognize this necessity, and goes even further, for he wishes to indulge in a rather vague programme of industrial development which will require yet more money. But his ideas as to the raising of money are not very satisfactory, and hints as to American loans on the one hand, and some sort of capital levy raised through the Banks on the other are not calculated to inspire any confidence in the electorate. A coalition Government, or a Government depending on so small a majority that an outbreak of influenza might paralyze it, could certainly not cope with the financial situation at all. This is the real outstanding argument in favour of a return of the present Government with a substantial majority, and I believe it will prevail.

The causes operating against the Government candidates are not strictly political. They consist in the main of all those little personal grievances which any Government remaining in power for a number of years in times of stress must necessarily create, and it must be admitted that Mr. Cosgrave's Government has been by no means conciliatory. The attitude taken up by our bureaucrats, particularly in the Finance and Revenue Departments, has been thoroughly unsympathetic, and the storm of indignation aroused by the recent Public Safety Act, followed by the definite announcement of the President that he proposes to do away with the Referendum, has been intensified by the feeling that the safeguards provided by the Constitution as a protection for the public against autocracy are gradually being whittled away.

No one will envy politicians their share in the present whirlwind campaign, and everyone (particularly the organizers of Dublin's Civic Week) will heave a sigh of relief when it is over, but there is some advantage in having to hold ten meetings a day, for the man who succeeds in doing it has some glamour of romance to compensate for the inadequacy of his speeches, and a torchlight meeting at midnight is more impressive than a much larger one at midday. To sum up, I think the Government will come back with an increased majority, and a majority which will enable it to carry on comfortably with the help of Farmers and Independents, but I think they will have bought this victory at the price of so much concession to the Right Wing (instance the adhesion of Major Cooper) that a new alignment is practically certain within a year or two.

LORD OXFORD AS ORATOR

THIRTY-FIVE years ago, when Mr. Asquith first entered the Cabinet, he was already known as one of the very few remaining masters of the classical style of oratory. He has lived to be the sole survivor of that school among English statesmen, unless, as some would say, we ought to regard Lord Buckmaster as his single companion. It is interesting when we reflect upon it, that this should be so, for, after all, a large number of the public men of Mr. Asquith's generation had received a training exactly similar to his, and, entering Parliament in the later Gladstonian era, could hear all around them from the elders the accent and the periods that for at least a hundred years had been recognized as virtually the only sounds proper to the front benches. Nevertheless, it is true that by the time silence was falling upon John Bright and one or two eloquent peers who had held office in Glad-

stone's first Cabinet, the grand manner was falling into disuse. Lord Oxford himself seems to hold that Joseph Chamberlain did as much as any man to drive it out. Dealing with this subject in his obituary tribute to Chamberlain Mr. Asquith observed: "He may be said with truth to have introduced and perfected a new style of speaking, equally removed from that of either of the great masters of speech who then had the ear of the House and the nation, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright. If he kept as a rule closer to the ground, he rarely digressed, and he never lost his way." Similarly, Lord Balfour, when delivering an *éloge* upon Bonar Law eight years later, deemed it worth while to emphasize the newness of his method of expounding intricate matters of finance and economics in simple forms and without the aid of notes. Chamberlain, as a matter of fact, was a good deal nearer in style to Mr. Asquith than Bonar Law was; but these two so different House of Commons men may be taken, not inaccurately, to span the transition in Parliamentary eloquence from the epoch of Gladstone to the epoch of Lloyd George, Winston Churchill and Ramsay MacDonald.

Lord Oxford, meanwhile, stands entirely alone, and for this reason if for no other there should be a cordial welcome for the volume of his political speeches that has been compiled by Mr. Basil Herbert.* It is a thoroughly representative selection, although somewhat smaller than might have been anticipated. Rightly, in our judgment, it represents Mr. Asquith and not Lord Oxford, there being only one speech here reprinted which was delivered after his elevation to the peerage—the address at Greenock in October last when Lord Oxford resigned the leadership of the party. In all there are twenty-six speeches, the majority given only in part. Three things may be said at the outset about their quality. First, that their consistency could not be surpassed in the utterances of any statesman of the time; secondly, that the style at the beginning is as mature and finished as at the end, and, thirdly, that there is nowhere to be found a ragged sentence or an untidy paragraph. The Asquith of 1887, making his maiden speech on coercion in Ireland, is in every essential the Asquith of 1920-1, protesting against the abominations of the Black-and-Tans, or restating the policy of Liberalism in relation to Europe and to the rebuilding of British industry after the War. If it be said that there is here no evidence of intellectual growth, no sign that the social tumult of the century's first decade or even the War itself made any difference to Mr. Asquith's political philosophy or to his mental processes, the answer would not be difficult to give. Mr. Asquith's mind was shaped and stamped by the Liberalism of the later nineteenth century. At the moment of his accession to the Premiership in 1908 the Legislative pace was being quickened and the Liberal Parliament was applying itself to the fulfilment of a social task admittedly long overdue. The pace was not set by the Prime Minister, nor was the tune one that he would have chosen. But from Old Age Pensions to the last of the measures carried on the eve of the crash in 1914 there was not one which could not be expounded and defended in Asquithian terms. It was only after the War that it became clear that there were tasks and needs in a new world that transcended the old formulas.

But Mr. Asquith's governing power came to an end in 1916. The period of his greatness lies, properly speaking, between his challenge to Joseph Chamberlain over Tariff

Reform in 1903 and the Home Rule struggle of 1912-13, ten crowded years. Since the assault upon the Corn Laws there has been no such singlehanded success of its kind in England as that preserved in the speeches delivered by Mr. Asquith against the Tariff Reform of 1903-5. They reduced the Chamberlain proposals to absurdity. Nor has there been at any epoch of our political history any more completely successful handling of a great constitutional issue in Parliament than Mr. Asquith's conduct of the case against the Lords and his piloting of the Parliament Act. The four speeches chosen by Mr. Herbert in illustration of that achievement are, of course, a small part only of the whole.

No English speeches on the War possessed a quality of statement and advocacy approaching those of Mr. Asquith. Not for a hundred years had it been possible for a British Prime Minister to make war speeches pitched in the key of high patriotism. Mr. Asquith was called upon to do it, and the ten specimens here given are sufficient to prove that on the whole he struck the finest note and expressed the national mind in the most satisfying form. The speeches on Ireland are invulnerable, while nothing could be more characteristic of the orator than the singularly cautious and modest utterance in which, having just become Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith commended Old Age Pensions to the House. The editor of a volume so moderate in size as this must needs omit many speeches that are remembered by Liberals as having exactly fulfilled their purpose, and we recall a few which might well have been included. It is good, however, to note that Mr. Herbert has not overlooked the delightful speech in the House on the manufactured vote of censure which overturned the Labour Government in October, 1924. It was perfect in touch, generous in attitude, right in tone. Had Mr. MacDonald known how to take it, he might have stayed in power for at least another half-year and avoided the smashing of his party.

We turn for a moment to the technical aspect of Lord Oxford's oratory. No one, of course, would look for surprises in it. There is an unflinching display of intellectual power, but no play of mind. All is regular, ordered, restrained. Massive is the word that his contemporaries have chosen to describe the Asquithian substance and manner. There are very few quotations or allusions, and such as there are are familiar. In delivery Lord Oxford grew more and more to depend upon his notes; from the days of the great constitutional debates onward he preferred as a rule to keep close to the written word. This ensured perfection in the reported speech, but it emphasized—of necessity—the detachment of the orator. Even, however, if he had sought a freedom of utterance equal to that of Lord Balfour, his complete opposite, Lord Oxford would have spoken as he has written: in balanced sentences and solid paragraphs, with sounding adjectives linked as a rule in couples. It is (as he himself would say) a melancholy reflection that Lord Oxford is the last of his line. No English statesman will ever again speak in this manner, with this particular movement and emphasis. But to say this is not to say that the English electorate will never again listen to and follow admiringly any statesman who may make a direct and weighty appeal to the collective intelligence. On the contrary, the time is assuredly coming when that will be needed again, and the statesman who makes it, while speaking in a manner not at all Asquithian, will always in this country be able to count upon a response.

* "Speeches by the Earl of Oxford and Asquith." (Hutchinson. 18s.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ARBITRATION, SECURITY, DISARMAMENT

SIR,—Let me say at once that if the Protocol means what you say it means I will never go near it. And if my views were really those you ingeniously attribute to me, totally opposed to everything I have been preaching for the last ten years, I am sure that my friends would take medical advice.

Your leader is mainly occupied with the question of Security, and you rightly argue against the idea that Security can be attained by military means. I have always said so. On the other hand, you do not wish to repudiate the Covenant, but say expressly that you are ready to accept its obligations "loyally and effectively." Now what is the difference on this point between the Covenant (Article XVI.) and the Protocol?

The Covenant says that, if any nation "resorts to war in disregard of its covenants" "it shall *ipso facto* be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other Members of the League, which hereby undertake immediately to apply the sanctions" (boycott and blockade, with all their consequences). The Protocol corrects and limits this general obligation in two ways. First, every member of the League, while co-operating "in the degree which its geographical position and its particular situation as regards armaments allow" may state beforehand *how much it is willing or not willing to undertake*. Second, and even more important, the obligation does not come into force at all until there has been general Disarmament, and no individual State which has refused or omitted to disarm is admitted to benefit by the provisions of the Protocol. Thus, under the Covenant, as under Locarno, we are bound to assist certain nations, however excessive their armaments; if the Protocol were substituted for the Covenant, we should not be so bound until they had disarmed.

This seems to me in every way an improvement. So far from extending the obligations of Article XVI., it restricts them, and it directs them more effectively. When people pretend that the Protocol imposed strange new burdens upon the British Empire, one must remember that the Protocol reached this country at nearly the same time and in the same political atmosphere as the famous Zinovieff letter. In detail, of course, the Protocol contains various very doubtful provisions for making the action of the League "automatic" and instantaneous. I have never thought that these were satisfactory, and there is no movement, so far as I know, for reviving them.

Next, Arbitration. The Covenant sets up a Court for the settlement of legal disputes, and provides other machinery of mediation and conciliation for disputes that are not legal. Many members of the Committee, I well remember, wished to go further, but under the influence of the diplomats as against the jurists, it was agreed to make resort to the Court purely optional, and to leave a loophole for "private war" in cases where the Council was not unanimous. As time went on and public opinion advanced, it became clear that these two loopholes—the loophole for cheating and the loophole for violence—did more harm than good. They produced a feeling of suspicion and insecurity. Consequently, under the Protocol, it was proposed (1) that for legal disputes all nations should sign the Optional Clause of the Statute of the International Court, *i.e.*, accept the jurisdiction of the Court for all legal disputes; (2) that for all other disputes they should accept an obligation to rule out war and adopt means of peaceful settlement, much as France and Germany have done at Locarno. Treaties of this sort are increasing in number. The Lloyd George Government made one with Uruguay in 1919. There are, I believe, twenty-three now in operation in Europe, besides those offered to Great Britain by Holland, Sweden, and Switzerland, and refused by our present Government. (The exact methods proposed in Article IV. of the Protocol are, of course, a matter of detail.)

The argument of the "old diplomatist" against this "all-in" peace policy is intelligible enough. We are not to agree to the legal settlement of legal disputes, because a great Power like England can often get a much more favourable result by using diplomatic pressure than by submitting to law; we are not to accept any pledge against war, because

a Great Power can often profitably back up its diplomacy by a threat of war. This argument is, to my mind, wicked; it is also, in the case of the British Empire, utterly foolish, for we have infinitely more to lose by the continuance of war than we could conceivably gain by the most brilliant victories. But it is at least intelligible.

Another argument sometimes used seems to me unintelligible. It is that the abolition of war would stereotype the existing treaties. I call this unintelligible because the Powers that suffer most from the existing treaties, like Germany, Austria, and Hungary, as well as all the neutrals, are strongly in favour of the abolition of war; because the great obstacle to the operation of Article XIX. (Revision of Treaties) has in practice been the state of mind produced in all nations by the possibility of war; and lastly, because, though I can imagine a wild German or Hungarian nationalist making war in order to alter some unsatisfactory frontier, I cannot imagine any sane third party thinking him right, much less deliberately wishing to maintain the existence of war as an international institution on the off-chance that such a person might find a threat of war convenient. However, if it is wrong to abolish war as an institution, I admit that is what the Protocol does, and those who desire the continuance of war should vote against it.

The third principle is Disarmament, *i.e.*, simultaneous Reduction and Limitation of Armaments by international agreement. This is the immediate issue. It is what we all want. And I think it is much easier to obtain if we can first establish the abolition of war as an agreed principle. I do not see how one can at the same time advocate the continuance of war, the repudiation of "pooled security," and the drastic reduction of armaments.

One word more. I do not accuse THE NATION of being in favour of these policies which I condemn. It is you who quarrel with me, not I with you. Unless I am mistaken a cleavage is now arising, deeper than ordinary party divisions, not only in this country, but in the whole of the civilized world. The debates in the Assembly are a sign of it. On the one side are those who wish to continue and consolidate a system of world affairs which leaves all the great nations using spies and piling up poison gas, Europe spending over three thousand million pounds a year on means of destruction, and the great Government—except at last Germany—vigorously resisting any extension of Arbitration and insisting on their "right" of private war. On the other, quite definitely, are those who, like Lord Cecil and myself, and like the Delegates of Holland, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Poland, and Germany in the present Assembly, and, I believe, every subsequent speaker, except the Italian and British, believe that if civilization is to endure the nations must combine to drive war out of the civilized world.

In spite of differences in detail, I cannot believe that THE NATION is against us on this tremendous issue. If it is, then indeed "I am wounded in the house of my friends."—Yours, &c.,

GILBERT MURRAY.

[We have no desire to quarrel with Professor Murray and still less to misrepresent him. We shall not, therefore, comment on his letter, further than to say that it is indeed our earnest hope that the "cleavage" which he predicts may be such as to range on his side those who like ourselves are unwilling to pledge our country to fight in defence, say, of the present frontiers of Poland.—ED., NATION.]

SECURITY AND DISARMAMENT

SIR,—With regard to this all-important subject, it is perhaps worth recalling that the Liberal Party endorsed the policy of the Protocol in the late autumn of 1924. This is not now a conclusive argument for accepting the Protocol in its exact form—we have learned many things in the last three years. But it does seem to provide a weighty reason why Liberals should not oppose the essentially moderate proposal quoted in your opening paragraphs last week, *viz.*, that States-members of the League should "renew the study of the principles on which the Protocol was based." Liberals may have been wrong—I do not argue the point now—in accepting the Protocol in the form in which it came from Geneva; but I cannot conceive that they were so far wrong

that they should refuse even to consider whether there is not some better way of reaching the ends which it was designed to forward.

All readers of THE NATION would agree that Great Britain ought to sign the "Optional Clause" in regard to disputes of a justiciable character; and the obligation becomes all the more urgent now that Dr. Stresemann has stated that Germany is prepared to do so. We should all agree further that the Government ought to use its whole influence for the success of the Disarmament Conference.

But is this all? Is it, even at this moment, enough? There are strong considerations which make it desirable for us to look a step or two further ahead. First, there are the "gaps" which the experience of eight years has made manifest in the Covenant. These include, the tacit recognition of the ultimate right of war if, in a non-justiciable dispute, the Council proves to be divided; and the incompleteness of the arbitral machinery for this class of dispute—an incompleteness which would still remain even if all the Powers had signed the Optional Clause. There is also the consequent feeling of insecurity on the part of certain nations, which, as Lord Cecil has told us, stood originally in the way of Disarmament. The experience of recent months shows that it still stands, or can readily be represented as standing, in the way.

Thus, if the Covenant is to give the all-round Security which it was undoubtedly meant to give, some attempt must be made to supplement it. The Protocol had, we may admit, the defects of its origin. Neither M. Herriot nor Mr. Ramsay MacDonald arrived at Geneva on September 1st, 1924, with a scheme in his pocket. The scheme was drafted at high pressure in the middle weeks of the Assembly of that year; and it is probable that the Powers who believe in Article XIX. of the Covenant, and are anxious to see a door kept open for the revision of antiquated treaties, did not sufficiently perceive at the moment how far the draft leant in the direction of perpetuating existing treaties and boundaries. But stabilization in this narrow sense is not the same as Security: it may even in the long run be the enemy of Security. So, if the discussion, for which the Foreign Minister of the Netherlands has asked, is entered upon, it will be needful for Britain and other Powers who take the same view to press for the further definition of the principle of Article XIX., and so restore the balance of the scheme. We need a provision for the periodic revision of inapplicable treaties, as we have lately found in China; but this appears to be the complement of that development of the principle of Arbitration which the Protocol attempted, not its contradictory.

We also need the assurance that members of the League will in fact rally to the support of any State which may be threatened by another in defiance of a decision of the Council or the International Court. Here we must bear in mind three considerations, which I can only name, without attempting to elaborate them: (1) The "sanction" of military force is a last resource, only to be applied if moral influence and the economic weapon of the boycott (*Covenant*, Art. XVI.) have been tried and failed. If members of the League apply the first two loyally and effectively, the third may never be required. (2) Even if it is required, the actual effort which would be demanded of any member of the League would be limited, as Mr. Arnold-Forster has pointed out by the geographical and military position of that State. (3) In view of Article XXI. of the Covenant, which expressly recognizes the Monroe Doctrine, it ought not to be impossible for Great Britain to qualify her acceptance of any agreement making more explicit the obligations for mutual support of members of the League, by stating that she would not undertake to share in any sanctions directed against the United States of America.—Yours, &c.,

G. F. BARBOUR.

Fincastle, Perthshire.
September 12th, 1927.

[It is news to us that the Liberal Party ever endorsed the Protocol. We certainly criticized it most strongly in this journal, from the first.—ED., NATION.]

DISARMAMENT

SIR,—May I express my agreement with an article in this week's NATION on Disarmament, and my hope that you will continue to press your argument on public opinion? On any reasonable standard of security our expenditure on armaments is excessive, and the country is thereby financially crippled. If Lord Robert Cecil's letter of resignation means anything, it means that the British Government was not in earnest at Geneva; and the recent economy debates in the House of Lords also show that it has no intention of economizing in its preparations for another war. British liabilities under the Locarno Pact are cited as a reason for spending enormously more upon armaments than France and Germany combined, and for maintaining a fleet more powerful than all the navies of Europe put together.

Since the Baldwin War Debt Treaty, it has become quite impossible to finance a rivalry in armaments with the United States. But why not extend the scope of arbitration?—Yours, &c.,

FRANCIS W. HIRST.

36, Ladbroke Grove, W.11.
September 14th, 1927.

THE PLIGHT OF AGRICULTURE

SIR,—When the whole problem of our agriculture is considered by an adequate Commission, as it must be before long, it will, I think, be found that the disease is even more deep-seated than would appear from the article in your issue of August 27th. It would perhaps be more correct to say that many more diseases will be discovered, for which remedies will sooner or later have to be found. No one would be so foolish as to suggest that our marketing conditions cannot be improved, but it is equally foolish to imagine that this improvement would in itself cure all our troubles.

The Danish problem is not ours. Denmark is an exporting country. The farmers produce food for consumption outside their own borders. It is a comparatively simple matter to collect this produce and to pass it through co-operatively organized creameries or bacon factories under Government supervision. Danish control ends when the produce is placed on the wholesale markets of this country. It is then distributed through exactly the same channels as our own goods.

Mr. Baldwin in his recent speeches referred to the Canadian wheat pools. It is also a comparatively simple matter for Canadian farmers to collect their wheat and sell it in the world's wholesale markets. They, wisely, I think, have not attempted to proceed further than this. The English farmer sells his grain either direct to the mills or to corn brokers who resell either direct or to poultry keepers. The commission charged is, on the average, about 9d. per quarter. It can hardly be suggested that this figure, approximately 3s. per acre, is any real handicap to the industry. Even under the most perfect organization, not more than a third of it could be saved.

The distribution of live stock is a more complicated business, so involved, indeed, that it is impossible for me to go into it in any detail. The market laws of England with regard to chartered and franchise rights are among the oldest in the country. The control of our live stock markets is almost entirely in the hands of the citizens of the various market towns. The consumer himself puts a stranglehold on the producer, at the same time exhorting him to make an effort to improve conditions over which he has no control. Ancient monopolies which have long outlived their usefulness are more responsible than anything else for the unsatisfactory marketing of our live stock. Neither the abolition of the live stock dealer nor of the grain factor would save English agriculture.

If the reform of the retail distribution of food would effect a remedy, the problem is one for the consumer more than for the producer. There is not a single town or city in Great Britain in which we do not find preposterous overlapping. Let me quote a sentence from a letter which I received recently from a distributor of food in a large city:

"The condition of our trade to-day is a tremendous argument for the municipalization of the distribution of food, for 99 per cent. of the shops could distribute three times the amount of food as they now do at the same cost."

Neither Mr. Baldwin nor the writer of the article appears to realize that the logical conclusion of their argument is stabilization of prices—the policy of the Labour Party. Unfortunately, stabilization does not end with the ensuring of a steady price to the farmer. Its logical conclusion is control of prices to the consumer and the inevitable result of that step is distribution by the State.—Yours, &c.,

A. P. McDougall.

Prescote Manor, Banbury.
September 9th, 1927.

SIR,—Your timely article of August 27th is an excellent contribution on the above subject, and the remedy you suggest, i.e., "setting up in every county or other appropriate area authorities backed by public credit whose function it should be to purchase the farmers' produce and market it to the best advantage," is worthy of consideration. Your correspondent in this week's issue of *THE NATION*, and who signs himself "A Farmer," is very critical and dismisses the whole subject much too lightly, so much so that one is led to believe that he is not dependent on the farming industry for a livelihood or else has not studied the subject deeply. He puts up four tests as evidence of distress in agriculture which he alleges are not present to-day. First, unemployment. Well, there is under-employment, which is quite as bad. The reason there is no unemployment is because there is a diminishing number remaining in the industry.

The second test is "vacant farms." There are a few to-day tenantless, and hundreds more to let between now and April, 1928, with as yet no prospective tenants. Such a state of things is unknown since the last depression, forty years ago. The third test, "widespread remission or reductions in rent." There are three reasons why this has not been evident. A big proportion of rents were never raised; some not much except in a few isolated cases. Thousands of farms have been sold to existing tenants. Moreover, rents have always been on the low side the past fifty years.

Fourth test, "Petitions in Bankruptcy." This is the last resort of a man who is down and out, but even your optimistic correspondent would be staggered by the number of such ones, if every farmer was forthwith called upon to pay "all that thou owest."

It is not possible within the space of a letter (and already I have trespassed on your valuable columns) to give detailed reasons, much less suggest remedies for such a deplorable state as the industry is fast sinking into, and has already fallen into; but, when we remember that there is only the tiller of the soil that stands between hunger and forty millions of people, it is an amazing thing that as a nation we do not give more serious attention to encouraging our own home production. One is led to exclaim "How long?"—Yours, &c.,

W. E. BRUMFIELD.

Elm Tree Farm, Molescroft, Beverley, E. Yorks.
September 12th, 1927.

WAS LONGFELLOW A POET?

SIR,—Mr. Leonard Woolf's assertion, in a review in a recent issue of *THE NATION*, that Longfellow did not write any poetry has surely been answered as effectively as was that other critic's assertion that Wordsworth did not write any poetry: by the voice of posterity. It is not likely that Mr. Woolf's extraordinary statements will seriously affect Longfellow's reputation, but none the less they deserve examination. In the course of his review Mr. Woolf said that Longfellow "never wrote a line of poetry." Further, that Longfellow was not a poet at all, but that he managed to create and maintain a reputation for being one; that, in fact, he was a "fake," who merely wrote "bathos in doggerel."

The assertion is so absolute that it is only necessary to prove a single negative to rebut it. The highest poetry, the most essential poetry, to me—and, I believe, to many other

lovers of poetry—is the lyric, and as an example of the true lyrical note, I confidently quote the love song in "Hiawatha." I never read without a thrill the lines:—

"If thou only lookest at me,
I am happy, I am happy.
As the lilies of the prairie,
When they feel the dew upon them!"

If Mr. Woolf contends that these lines are "bathos in doggerel," he is measuring himself rather than Longfellow or the poem, and if he wrote without that particular poem in mind he was making a rash generalization.

It may, however, be argued that that is an isolated example which cannot alone confer poethood on Longfellow. Even if it cannot—and this is a concession—other examples readily occur. Earlier in the same poem, in a beautiful passage, the poet describes how the child Hiawatha shot his first roebuck; how he waited in the wood till the roebuck came "Flecked with leafy light and shadow." How expressive of the woodland creature's appearance in the half light!

To me Longfellow means "Hiawatha," and I frankly admit that I have read practically none of his poetry beyond this poem. Neither do I read anything of Waller's except "Go, lovely rose," though I have never doubted his claim to the title of poet. Yet a brief perusal of Longfellow's rather prolific output reveals a poem entitled "Evening Star," which begins with the fine lines:—

"Lo! in the painted oriel of the West,
Whose panes the sunken sun incarnadines."

While on a visit to a gentleman who is a tutor in Spanish in one of the Midland Universities, I remember him speaking with admiration of Longfellow's metrical translation from Coplas de Manrique, which begins:—

"O let the still heart slumber break,
Let thought be quickened and awake,
Awake to see
How soon this life is past and gone,
And death comes softly stealing on,
How softly!"

In this, I was assured, the cadence of the original was preserved perfectly; the work, surely, of a poet. Or perhaps Coplas de Manrique only wrote "bathos in doggerel" also.

It might have been possible for Longfellow, by imitating Tennyson, to work his way to the forefront under the lea of Tennyson, as Mr. Woolf suggests, but Tennyson himself has been through the test of time since the opening of this century; perhaps it might be said that he is now going through the testing, and suffering loss of his former unchallenged position in the process. At the same time Longfellow, if a mere hanger-on, should be pretty nearly submerged. Yet he stands out now, as Mr. Woolf admits he did when he was in the fashion, ahead of Whitman and Emerson: in fact as still the American poet, his "Hiawatha" bringing into English homes the sweet legend of the Indian lovers walking through the virgin pine forests.—Yours, &c.,

A. M. HANCOCK.

25, Queen Street, King's Lynn.

THE OBLITERATION OF LONGFELLOW

SIR,—So the trenchant literary critic of *THE NATION* has decided that the gentle New England singer, who fondly claimed a sort of pre-existent citizenship in the Old Country, ought to be wiped off the scroll of fame; for Mr. Leonard Woolf has discovered that "he never wrote a line of poetry. But he dressed like a great man." How does a great man dress? Ah! that was the secret. Perhaps that imposed on all the distinguished men of letters who welcomed him from the other side of the Atlantic. They were baffled—bamboozled—by his voluminous fur coat. Even the satirical Mr. Punch—no mean critic—broke out in "pretty paradoxical praise of the poet"; the surest sign of admiration for "Hiawatha." "Sartor" himself, who had a grim reputation for seeing through clothes, and an inveterate dislike to versifiers, risked dyspepsia by dining with him, and looked upon him, not as a sham who "faked" poetry, but as an earnest worker, living up to his adopted motto—"Look into thine own heart, and write."

But Mr. Woolf sees deeper. He prefers to quote two contemporary dissentients—Poe, an erratic, embittered genius (who, however, made generous amends afterwards), and Margaret Fuller, who once in an expansive mood, declared, "I accept the Universe." It is difficult to believe that a lady holding such an all-embracing sentiment could seriously have intended to reject the mild, inoffensive Longfellow.

Before writing his fatal article, Mr. Woolf walked into a "village shop"; bought a copy of Longfellow, and selected "The Building of the Ship" as the basis of his condemnation. He chose well—for the purpose he had in view; but he ignored the considerable volume of narrative and lyrical poetry, to say nothing of the versatile and scholarly translations. These have delighted many thousands of young readers, including a certain insignificant sailor-lad, who, in the late seventies, while his ship lay in Boston harbour, was ardent enough to present himself at the poet's door at Cambridge—*uninvited*. Of course, even after all these years, the "lad" still loves Longfellow, and he would ask your kind permission, sir, to quote Sir William Watson's epitaph on him:—

"No puissant singer he, whose silence grieves
To-day the great West's tender heart and strong;
No singer vast of voice; yet one who leaves
His native air the sweeter for his song."

—Yours, &c.,

THOMAS CARR.

39, Mortimer Road, Kensal Rise, N.W.10.

THE APRON STAGE

SIR,—In your issue of Sept. 3rd, Kappa courteously asked me to forgive him for suggesting that I had mistaken his point. I forgive him, of course, but had I mistaken his point? He discussed a plea of Mr. Poel's for building an Elizabethan stage, and acting as the Elizabethans did. He then went on to disagree with Mr. Poel about stage speaking. He now says that this was a merely academic discussion, but if in its place, and from its approach, his paragraph did not mean "By all means let us have an Elizabethan theatre, but do not let us have the actors speak as Mr. Poel would have them speak," I will eat a large leek. But can Kappa invite me to this meal, since, in this week's paragraph, where he denies immediate interest, he admits he wrote his original paragraph in support of Mr. Poel's theatre? Kappa cannot have it both ways, and all in one breath.

But to leave our various rectitudes aside, and come back to the stage. I cannot conceive why Kappa supposes the apron stage "especially adapted for the declamation of the set speech." It would favour the aside, and enable the soliloquy to be spoken naturally; but on the contrary, it was perhaps precisely the closing in of the stage that brought in declamation: the speech had to be "got over the foot-lights." Now if the apron stage was so peculiarly fitted for declamation, we should expect to find that producers of masques, pieces emphatically made for declamation, would have put their shows on such stages. But they did not. They enclosed them more or less, and gave great importance to the proscenium arch. This is very odd. It would indeed seem that, in Kappa's words, the disuse of the apron stage does make a difference to the argument, but in a direction exactly opposite to that which Kappa supposes.

It may be relevant to mention that on the occasion when "the quality of mercy" gave so much pleasure to Mr. Birrell and myself, it was uttered on Mr. Monck's Elizabethan apron stage.—Yours, &c.,

BONAMY DOBRÉE.

September 4th, 1927.

THE TRANSLATION OF "MESSAGES"

SIR,—Mr. Richard Hughes, whoever he may be, is, of course, welcome to the opinion he expressed in your issue of August 27th concerning my translation of "Messages," by Ramon Fernandez, and its preface. But his way of expressing that opinion calls, in the interests of international amity, for correction. Mr. Hughes says that "apparently" I write "thesis-American." By "apparently" he means that the

book bears the words: "Printed in the U.S.A." It is therefore necessary to tell him that printing and writing are two separate operations, not usually performed by the same person.

Although I write to you from New York, I, the translator, happen to be English, and I have had no opportunity of copying the manner in which Americans write their theses. Hence it is as an Englishman's work that my translation should be judged. If to Mr. Hughes it seems poor, let him call it poor.

Had he not, indeed, jumped to a wild conclusion, he would have avoided a gratuitous sneer at America—the kind of sneer Americans dislike—and some foolish advice to Mr. Cape.—Yours, &c.,

MONTGOMERY BELGION.

September 7th, 1927.

FLYING TO PARIS

CROSSING the Channel by aeroplane may not now count as a big adventure, being, I imagine, rather safer than attempting to reach Paris by the Nord Railway, but it is still an amusing little adventure. To those to whom it is no longer that, this article is not addressed.

The fun of the journey seemed to me to start in the Haymarket. It is at least not usual to walk down Charles Street, enter the office of Imperial Airways, next door to Bickers the booksellers, and be immediately invited to step on to a weighing machine as if one's embonpoint might be charged as excess luggage. I admit that it was most tactfully done and was confused in the genial bustle of the office—but then in my case there was no excess demanded.

Outside on the pavement hat boxes and suit cases were being lifted on to the roof of a motor coach. There was the usual interchange of pleasantries between drivers and porters. Idlers congregated to watch the scene as they might have done a century ago to watch the departure of the Dover coach—and a quite incongruous association of ideas suggested to me that before we left some friendly Newman Nogs might hand me a letter.

But he did not appear. As soon as all was ready the 'bus made good speed to Croydon. Policemen on point duty recognized it as it approached, waved a white glove at the bonnets of inferior vehicles, and let us pass through as if we were a fire engine or a party of kings late for their Privy Councils. This part of the journey was very soon over, and the 'bus swung round into the Aerodrome to discharge us outside a waiting-room. Our luggage and passports had been spirited away, and we were asked to sit on upholstered sofas and twiddle our thumbs for a while. This was the only really disagreeable moment of the whole expedition. Eight passengers eyed each other with that cold, miserable hostility only shown by fellow-beings to their kind in a doctor's dining-room. Do doctors, I wonder, ever dine in those dreadful rooms, or do they have their meals brought to them on trays to some more cheerful apartment, less haunted by instinctive enmities and conscious fears?

But we smiled again in a few minutes when a uniformed official led us to our aeroplane. If speed is the essence of the contract, comfort is as much so. In the interval our luggage had been stowed away, our passports returned to us. There was nothing for us to do except to climb up a short step ladder and take our seats. In a moment the door was closed, the propeller was given a turn or two, the great engines loosened into a terrific roar, and we began to taxi round the aerodrome field.

It is said that most people feel a qualm when they first see the ground receding beneath them. If they do it is a

very small one and disappears the moment the aeroplane is flying at a steady height. It is very difficult to believe that the vertigo which attacks so many people when they look down from a height (I have it myself to a nonsensical extent) disappears completely in the air. In the little outburst of conversation, which followed our landing, I asked several of my fellow-passengers whether they had felt it, and they all replied not—in the slightest degree.

For the first few moments of flight it is impossible to gather one's wits for the crashing noise of the engines. Most of the passengers put cotton wool in their ears, but after a time I found a certain fascination in submitting to the diapason. Then I realized that I was in a very favourable position for observing my County of Kent. After all, I was sitting in a comfortable armchair about 1,000 feet above it.

It is interesting to pass above villages one knows, to watch the winding courses of remembered streams, to follow familiar roads, and particularly to wonder who was the erratic geometrician who laid out the fields. It would need the terms of his science to describe the queer shapes they assumed on the coloured map below. Some rolling English hedger must have had a hand in the business. In September there is nothing regularly laid out in Kent except the stooks of corn and the interlacing at the top of the hop-poles.

Throughout there was no suggestion of terrific speed. We might have been making the even course of a taxi-cab down the Brompton Road on a Sunday night. The only hint of speed we had was when we caught up, overtook, and left behind us a child's train which seemed to be trying to puff its way into a doll's house station. By the time of day it should have been the Folkestone express.

Then came the Channel. We passed the coast over New Romney, its Norman church dominating the red-roofed town from our aspect more than it does on land—and so, over a blue sea. The Channel was dotted with small craft which one hoped would find a small boy with a stick to bring them to shore when they reached the other side.

Why do the French build everything they love and live for round a midden? The answer, of course, is obvious, but only from the air travelling over Northern France do you realize how consistent is the design of their farms and chateaux. So also do you realize the greater regularity of their fields, and see, as you can only see from this point of advantage, their universal cultivation. The road system is laid before you as no map can show it—for the straight, tributary roads become living things rushing under your eyes, as railway lines at a junction, to meet the main artery.

Time passes very quickly in an aeroplane, and it seemed but a very little while before we were above the red and white cottages which form the suburbs of Paris. Le Bourget is not immediately visible, but one gathered its approach by the gradual descent of the machine which, making one or two circles in the air and taxi-ing once or twice round the ground, drew up sharply at the entrance to the air-port of Paris.

Again our luggage and passports were seized, without fuss or bother, in amazing contrast to the proceedings at Calais or Boulogne—but one realized one was in France, for in the very Customs House itself there was a white-aproned waiter with a buffet of such drinks as we might demand. There was scarcely time to consume a vermuth and soda before we were packed into another 'bus and were on our way to the Hotel Edouard Sept, in the Rue de l'Opera. The journey from Le Bourget to Paris is mostly through slums, far less pleasant than that from Croydon to London, but what mattered that with Paris and the night ahead?

J. B. STERNDAL-BENNETT.

MISS MEW

ELEGY.

MISS MEW,
so fabulous and feathery,
White and delicate as swansdown,
Floated above, in her high house,
A narrow, many-eyed watch-tower of red satin,
Whence she surveyed the town.

This little, feathery old woman
Was bright and kind and gentle as a flower,
And clever with no cleverness human,
But agile with that strange agility
Which is the secret of all animal power.

She was so wise, but not in words of wisdom
—For words were guards to ward off loneliness, that ogre—
But her fingers were so wise,

So very proud and nimble,
As they fluttered whitely through the orchidaceous
blossoms,

Grinning silk magenta, grinning ochre,
Of her embroidery, or through
The little pink, the little blue
Demure and arctic buds of ribbon work that crinkled
Out of a faded, satin snow,

Or flashed through them a thimble
Like a silver-armoured insect on the wing,
As they prepared her bird-like foods, or thumped and
pounded
To knead new bread.

—And now Miss Mew,
So fabulous and feathery,
Has floated out of her high tower of red satin,
Has flitted from her delicate sheath of swansdown,
And has fled, has fled.
And those less feathery than dear Miss Mew was,
Tell one another that Miss Mew is dead,
Is dead.

A FEATHER TAPESTRY.

How few
The things we knew
About Miss Mew!

She was a delicate feather blown out of a pastel past,
Upon some shattering gale
Of which no one was ever told the nature.

There had been a gap, a long gap, and then
Pitching upon some dull, some blunt
Relentless gust of the east wind
She had drifted hither,
This delicate feather;
Here, where the waves ruffle their white plumage
At her all the winter,
Here, where the sky brushes the blue tops of the houses
All the winter
With its grey feathers, black or yellow feathers.

Age could not undermine her grace,
But only fashioned her more lightly,
Gave her a white halo,
And made the green eyes larger
In her white, small face.
So lightly carved her feet, that when she walked,
She drifted like a feather adown the wind,
Drifting among these other brutal and gigantic feathers
That buffeted and battered her
In the unreal and yellow light of English winter.

MISS-MEW-AD-VINCULA.

WHAT chains, then, what weights were there
To bind her down
—This feather floating on the wind—
To the substantial winter of her life?

An undefinable, slight accent in her speech,
Drifting down it lightly as a feather in the wind;
No education and much knowledge;
A carriage accident, political convictions;
A love of stage and dancing, and of scenes
Where under the green and sickly flicker of the gaslight
Pranced Taglioni on her bird-swift toes
Leading a floating and angelic host
Of swooning swans and pirouetting nymphs;
An alleged friendship with the hook-nosed Gounod
Among the painted pinks and blues,
The pampered but rebellious palm-trees
Of the early Riviera,
So that to our minds
All the trinkets in her house
Tinkled when she spoke or moved
To the rhythm of the Jewel-Song;
And that rare atmosphere which she distilled in talk,
An atmosphere both bourgeois and bohemian
Combined of high-kicks and home-truths,
Flirtation, elegance, and laughter,
But with the gilded pawnshop and the golden ginshop
Always round the fogbound corner,
A world of dead decorum, heavily haunted
By the charcoal spectres of Mr. Mantalini and Professor
Turveydrop;
The fact that she had seen a whale
Washed up at Yarmouth;
And strangest weight of all,
Her oft and loudly boasted declaration
That she had taken in the *DAILY MAIL*,
Each day since the *DAILY MAIL*'s beginning.

MISS MEW'S EPOCH.

BUT there was another side
To Miss Mew's character,
A facet mysterious, imaginative.
That middle life of hers, of which we knew so little
Had surely teemed with secrets, with excitements,
For now she must supply her age and loneliness,
Must feed her hungering nerves
With strange adventures of her mind's own making.
Thus, though from her high tower of red satin,
She saw the things that others, too, observed
—The jaundiced faces of the clanking trams,
Peeping round sharp corners in angular progression
Tilting and screaming down the hills,
Or creaking up them, as might overlaid ships
Groan in ascent of mountainous waves;
The asphalt-isolated trees
Sprouting amid apparently volcanic wastes
Where seethe whole craters of hot, bubbling tar
And where runs wild
The sweating, snorting, palpitating, black steam-roller,
That favourite steed, that rather vorticist Pegasus
Of the rose-clad, rose-flushed municipal-council
Whose orderly imagination
Ever takes flight on such fantastic, unexpected steeds;
The little bits of rock,
Scattered artistically against the hard road corners,
From which sprang out, or under which there crouched,

The dreariest, most dusty, desolate plants,
The pergolas, the terraces, the railings,
The laurel bushes and pet dogs

Round all of which the guardian sea
Threw its blue cloak of pale-eyed imbecility—
Yet for Miss Mew, across these golden lawns,
Tripping among the croquet-hoops, under laburnams,
There moved a crowd, more cosmopolitan
Than any that had ever, at the same moment,
Fluttered or sauntered through the crinolined
And whiskered Paris that had been her heaven,
The legendary, uncertain crowds that haunt,
Flaunting within, a mind, not overtrained.

—Helen of Troy, cake-bungling Alfred, Charles
the Martyr,
Lord Nelson, Lady Hamilton and Richard "Cur-
de-Liong,"
Garriek, the Duke of Wellington, all on a level
In time, all driven off
By the wicked Bismarck, gigantic pantomime-
demon

Who had shaken down the rich scene that she
loved:

While, for the background to the action
Of such heroic figures, dear Miss Mew
Observed events unseen by others—

The most mysterious struggles, accidents
On the grand scale, colossal spectacles,
Massive effects of shipwreck,
All undertaken and all mounted
By the Max Reinhardt of her own imagination.

MISS MEW'S WINDOW-BOX.

THE window-box, even so high up,
Floating above the grey sea,
Crowded and clustered with brown, speeding wings
Was all the garden that Miss Mew possessed.
But this small coffin of earth
Was a whole world of life,
Flickered always with the brightly coloured buttons,
The sugar-sticks, rosettes, and candle-flames
Of early spring,
Or with the ragged cockscombs and the fuller bonfire
flamings
Of the Autumn, trampling with its wild, golden hoofs,
For Miss Mew's calendar, just like her life,
Admitted to no high summer.

Over this oblong world,
Half-coconuts swing like hairy stars
In a miniature tarred gale from off the sea,
While cotton-wool coated, coral footed birds,
Acknowledging Miss Mew as feathery peer,
Pricked out a wooden music with their beaks,
Tapping against the various surfaces,
Or sent up little silver jets of song
Spurting against the crystal pane,
Or flew down on a soft wing
With one soft wing quivering and bumping
Against her window, till she threw it up,
Her nimble fingers fluttering among the flowers,
Dispersing fruit and breadcrumbs.

But now the paint is off the window-box,
There come no flowers either in spring or autumn,
No sugar-sticks, rosettes or candle flames,
No ragged cockscombs and no fuller bonfire flamings.
The birds bump up against the window,
Staring like a vacant, bleary eye,

Bump wildly up against the window
As though they wished to fly in through the dark emptiness,
And warmly buried in the now flowerless earth
Where others lie so cold and still,
The worms wriggle and snigger at their triumph,
Now the nimble fingers are nimble no more.

OSBERT SITWELL.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

AT the Promenade Concert on Tuesday, September 6th, Mozart must be conceded to have eclipsed Haydn in the same way and for the same reasons that he had been eclipsed by his great rival the foregoing week, for while on this occasion he was represented by the Haffner Symphony, 5th Violin Concerto, and the Concert Aria "Non piu! Tutto ascoltai" (originally written for Idomeneo)—three of his most successful works in their respective genres—Haydn was represented by the comparatively immature Symphony called "Le Midi," and a not particularly interesting aria from "The Seasons." The admirable renderings, moreover, of the solo parts in the Concerto and the Concert Aria by Miss Marjorie Hayward and Miss Sylvia Nelis respectively, lent additional distinction to the excellence of the works themselves. In the second part of the programme the first performance in England was given of the "Cortège et Litanie," for organ and orchestra, by Marcel Dupré, of which it is only necessary to say that it is just what one would have expected from the pupil and successor of Guilmant and Widor, no more and no less. On the following Thursday Mozart was again represented, this time by his Masonic Funeral Music, one of the least familiar works of his last period, and chiefly remarkable for the sombre orchestral tone-colour afforded by an unusual choice of wind instruments. The most important item in the programme was the Symphony in A flat of Elgar. Despite an adequate and even at times distinctly good performance, however, the work still failed to convince one that it is the masterpiece its admirers claim it to be. It is undoubtedly full of the most admirable episodes and reveals on every page the hand of a master, but increasing familiarity only serves to strengthen and confirm one's original impression of the formlessness and incoherence of the work as a whole. On the same evening the first concert performance was given of a Gaelic Fantasy, by Mr. B. Walton O'Donnell, based upon some ten or so Irish folk-tunes, and differing in no essential way from all other works of this familiar type. Finally, on the following Saturday, another new work was performed, namely, the Variations, Intermezzo, Scherzo, and Finale, of Mr. C. V. Hely-Hutchinson, conducted by the composer. This is a pleasantly unpretentious but somewhat insipid work, consisting of conventional variations on an agreeable but characterless subject, and scored throughout strictly in accordance with the principles of orchestration laid down in text-books on the subject. Its chief virtue consists in the negative one of indicating a reaction on the part of our younger composers against the ape-like imitation of modern Continental models that has been so prevalent in English music of recent years, but this in itself is hardly sufficient to hold our attention.

We have long endured the time-honoured story of the peer's son who brings an actress to his ancestral home and proclaims to an outraged family his intention of marrying her; but it has been left to Mr. Frederick Lonsdale to deliver us from the equally time-honoured reconciliation and marriage which invariably ensue. Although in his new play, "The High Road," at the Shaftesbury, the actress duly ingratiates herself, she surprises us—one might almost say lets us down—by (a) transferring her affections to another member of the family, and (b) by not marrying anybody at all. Mr. Lonsdale is steadily ridding himself of his former tendency to suit his characters to preconceived if effective situations. This was apparent in his

last play, and is even more so in "The High Road," in which his characters are very nearly living people, and were probably thought out before the plot was evolved. He still scatters epigrams somewhat indiscriminately, and his well-bred people are still a little too ill-bred, but he has progressed, and may yet become an artistic as well as a box-office rival to Mr. Somerset Maugham. The cast is full of well-known names, and the quality of the acting is in most cases in inverse ratio to the amount of skill demanded by each part. Thus Mr. Allan Aynesworth and Mr. Fred Kerr are both extremely good in parts they could play on their heads, but Miss Cicely Byrne, as the actress, has an infinitely harder task, and is not quite so successful.

The only sure way in which I can derive pleasure from musical comedy is by setting myself to decide to whom among those implicated I can most easily extend forgiveness. In "The Girl Friend," the new product at the Palace, I forgive foremost and freely Mr. Clifford Mollison, Mr. George Gee, and Miss Emma Haig. I do not remember having seen Mr. Mollison before in a "girl and music" play, but I certainly hope to do so again. He has a gift for burlesque acting which is quite Hensonian, and he sings pleasantly. The other two are new to me, and I add my quota to the hearty welcome to the London stage which they have deservedly been accorded. It is a long journey from the Abbey Theatre to Cambridge Circus, but in the hope that Miss Sara Allgood's present salary, which she will doubtless receive for many months to come, will in time enable her to treat herself and us to an extra long season of O'Casey and the like, I suppose I must forgive her for making it. But I cannot forgive the management for condemning her to such a small and unattractive part, any more than I can condone their taste in scenery. However, it is only fair to say that compared with most musical comedy purveyors they have done us proud.

It is unlikely that even the present vogue for American plays will secure a good run for "The Music Master" at the Apollo. Mr. Edgar Wallace has taught us to expect something snappier than this at the Lyceum, which is, or would once have been, its spiritual home. The thing is melodrama of the old-fashioned, unsophisticated type, its theme, paternal love. Mr. Harry Green who, as the ancient father, had the big part, registered painful emotions—and naturally he had little else to do—by an adenoidal sniffing which personally I found exasperating to a degree, though I think I heard echoes of it around me. Miss Erin O'Brien Moore, as the daughter, had to make speeches of a silliness that even her pretty looks and charming toilettes could hardly atone for. Mr. Lee Kohlmar (who produced the piece) and Mr. Henry de Bray, respectively a farcical German and Frenchman, acted well, and Miss Isabel Vernon as a landlady was quite good, but, for my part, the best item of the evening was supplied by Mr. Joseph French, the man who came to take away the piano. Acting with devastating realism he gave us, in the moment he was on the stage, a horrid insight into the unadvertised side of the hire-purchase system.

The producer of the film "The Battle of the Somme" (which is being shown at the Marble Arch Pavilion) has accomplished his task, on the whole, well. It was obviously more difficult to make any sort of coherent story out of the subject than, for instance, in the case of "The Retreat from Mons," but the film, though of necessity a series of more or less isolated incidents, makes an interesting reconstructive record, aided by excellent maps and plans. But a film that is to be shown in a popular picture-house cannot afford to be purely historical; it would be too dull; and so "human interest" has to be introduced. Credit must be given to Mr. M. A. Wetherell, the producer, for his restraint in the portrayal of individual actions, but his tendency has been all the time to stress the gallant and noble side of war, and to give a rather superficial idea of its horror and imbecility. One's reactions to a film of this kind depend

largely on one's age; to those who took part in the war, directly or indirectly, it may serve as a reminder of the despair and pain of those four years, but the way to give a just idea of war to the generation which has grown up since that time (which, after all, is a great deal more important) is not to show them a series of re-enactments of how "So-and-So won the V.C.," though these incidents may be admirable in themselves.

* * *

To call a film an "interest" or "nature" film would in all probability make the cinema-going public stay away. So "Chang," which has been retained for another week at the Plaza, was called alternatively a "drama" and "melodrama," although it is really a thorough-going animal film. In any case it is well worth seeing. The film was produced in Siam, and the "drama" is supposed to be the fight of a black man and his family against the jungle and the jungle beasts. For "drama" it cannot be compared with "Nanook of the North," which was the fight of an Eskimo against snow-blizzards and polar bears, but no better film of the snaring and hunting of wild animals has ever been taken. The film introduces, with great effect, the magnascope which enlarges the screen to the size of the proscenium. The producer "magnascope" the stampede of a herd of wild elephants, and the sight of elephantine legs walking as it were over the audience was the best thrill of the film. The magnascope would seem to have great possibilities. Another feature was the reproduction of actual animal noises which had been recorded by the Columbia Graphophone Company at the Zoo, but the synchronization of the noises and the picture might have been better. It was a pity that so remarkable a nature film should be followed by the unnatural countenance of Adolphe Menjou in "The Act of Cads," a Michael Arlen story which is quite unconvincing on the screen.

* * *

A very pleasant small exhibition of Old Master Drawings and Engravings is being held by the "Twenty-One Gallery" at their new quarters in Mill Street, Conduit Street. It contains several etchings by Rembrandt, of which "Woman bathing her feet in a brook" and "The Circumcision in the stable" are the best, several Dürers, among which a very early work, "Le Violant," is interesting as a contrast to Dürer's usual seriousness and restraint of feeling. There are drawings by Tintoretto and Baroccio; these are in most cases notes for pictures, as, no doubt, is Breughel's drawing of market carts and cattle, which is a good example of his extraordinary exactness of observation. Van der Velde's "Harbour Scene," also an original drawing, has a certain rather calculated charm. Of the engravings, two by Robetta, "Tortures of Love" and "Allegory of Abundance," show an amusing and lively imagination: Giulio Romano's "Daphne embracing the River Renée, her father," is very accomplished in draughtsmanship, but rather dull. Besides the named works there is a collection of fifteen unnamed drawings of the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, mostly landscapes, many of which have great delicacy and spontaneity.

OMICRON.

BLAKE: A CENTENARY NOTE

We've petrol pumps, both red and blue;
Electric hares, and putting-greens,
And charabancs for fifty-two,
And Tubes, and cigarette-machines;

We've telephones and cinemas,
P.R., "The Sobster's Magazine,"
And Parliament and poison-gas,
And battle-ships, and Bethnal Green.

And yet (that's just a few of them—
The mighty schemes we have in hand)
We have not built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

ROBERT BELL.

THEATRES.

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Nightly at 8.15. Matinees, Wednesday and Friday, at 2.30.

"THARK."

Winifred Shotter, Mary Brough, and RALPH LYNN.

AMBASSADORS. (Ger. 4460.) EVENINGS, 8.30. MATS., TUES. & FRI., 2.30.

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HELEN HAYE.

MORTON SELTEN.

DRURY LANE. EVGS., 8.15. MATS., WED. and SAT., at 2.30.

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"ON APPROVAL." By FREDERICK LONSDALE.

ELLIS JEFFREYS. RONALD SQUIRE.

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TOM DOUGLAS in

"THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN."

KINGSWAY. (Gerr. 4032.) Nightly, 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.

JEAN CADELL in

"MARIGOLD."

LYRIC Hammersmith. Riverside 3012. NIGHTLY at 8.

Matinees, Wednesday & Saturday, 2.30.

The **OLD VIC COMPANY** with **SYBIL THORNDIKE** in

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

PRINCE OF WALES. Gerrard 7482.

The Vampire Play **"DRACULA."**

NIGHTLY AT 8.30.

Matinees: Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.

SHAFTESBURY. Gerr. 6666. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.

"THE HIGH ROAD."

A New Comedy by FREDERICK LONSDALE.

STRAND (Gerr. 3830.) NIGHTLY, 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Thurs., 2.30.

"SEVENTH HEAVEN."

HELEN MENKEN.

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THE WORLD OF BOOKS

MONTAIGNE

MONTAIGNE is chiefly known to English readers through the translations of Florio and Cotton; indeed, people who would never dream of reading La Bruyère or Voltaire in English would never dream of reading Montaigne in the original. It is true that Montaigne is in one sense an extremely difficult writer; every now and then he will write a sentence of the greatest obscurity; but in general anyone with a fair knowledge of French will find that he can, after a little practice, read the original with ease and pleasure. And one ought to read him in French, for only in his own language does one get the full flavour and tang of his style. However, most people, I imagine, will continue to read him in translation. There is much to be said for and against Florio and Cotton. I retain an unreasoning affection for Florio, partly because I first read Montaigne in his racy but extraordinarily inaccurate translation, and I prefer him, no doubt wrongly, to Cotton who, though full of mistakes, is nearer to the original. Now a completely new translation in modern English has just been published: "The Essays of Montaigne," translated by E. J. Trechmann, with an introduction by J. M. Robertson (Oxford University Press, and Milford, 2 vols., 3s. 6d. each). Mr. Trechmann's translation is extremely good in a conscientious way. It is written in good, if slightly heavy, English, and though it does not entirely reproduce the suppleness and tang in Montaigne's style, it does give his meaning clearly and accurately. The quotation of a single sentence will perhaps give some slight indication of the differences between Montaigne himself, Florio, and Mr. Trechmann. Montaigne wrote:—

"Je croy à la verité que ce sont ces mines et appareils effroyables, dequoy nous l'entourons, qui nous font plus de peur qu'elle: une toute nouvelle forme de vivre, les cris des meres, des femmes et des enfans, la visitation de personnes estonnees et transies, l'assistance d'un nombre de valets pasles et éplorés, une chambre sans jour, des cierges allumez, nostre chevet asiegé de medecins et de prescheurs: somme, tout horreur et tout effroy autour de nous. Nous voyla des-ja ensevelis et enterrez."

Florio translates:—

"I verily believe, these fearefull lookes, and astonishing countenances wherewith we encompass it, are those that more amaze and terrifie us than death: a new forme of life; the outcries of mothers; the wailing of women and children; the visitation of dismaid and swooning friends; the assistance of a number of pale-looking, distracted, and whining servants; a dark chamber: tapers burning round about; our couch beset around with Physitians and Preachers; and, to conclude, nothing but horror and astonishment on every side of us: are we not already dead and buried?"

This is Mr. Trechmann's version:—

"I believe indeed that it is the dismal faces and appalling ceremony with which we surround death that frighten us more than the thing itself: a quite new way of living, the cries of mothers, wives and children, a crowd of visiting friends numb and dazed with grief, and servants pale and blubbing, a chamber from which the sun is excluded, lighted by tapers, our bedside

besieged by doctors and preachers; to sum up, nothing around us but horrors and bugbears. Behold us already shrouded and buried."

* * *

For those who wish to know what Montaigne really wrote, it is essential to read him, whether in French or in English, in the most modern edition. It is only comparatively recently that French editions have reproduced the text of the Bordeaux MS. which contains Montaigne's final revision of the Essays, and which was tampered with by those who published the Essays after his death. Mr. Trechmann, of course, translates from this text. Montaigne is a writer of whom it is important for some readers to have in every case his exact words. Mr. Robertson, in his excellent introduction (which owes a large debt, I feel sure Mr. Robertson would agree, to the work of Dr. Armaingaud), lays stress upon one side of Montaigne which escapes the notice of many readers. There are, as Dr. Armaingaud points out, two Montaignes. One is the man and writer whom thousands have recognized and loved; perhaps the most lovable, wisest, sanest, and wittiest Frenchman who ever wrote a book; the man who asks the question: "Que sçay-je?" and wrote a masterpiece in not answering it; the great egoist who translated himself, body and mind, into a work of art, and whom we can still see and hear, sitting in his library at the chateau de Montaigne in Périgord, with a half-smile on his lips, watching, reading, reflecting, or engaged in that "exercise of the mind" which, he said, was "the most profitable and natural," the occupation "more agreeable" to him "than any other in life"—conversation. This is, no doubt, the greater of the two Montaignes, the man whom one can love and enjoy and learn wisdom from without any meticulous study of his *ipsissima verba* and texts. But there is another Montaigne whose complete existence has only been fully brought to light by the long life-time of study and research devoted to him by Dr. Armaingaud. Beneath the surface of his Essays Montaigne had a definite and persistent purpose. He lived in a time of horrible chaos, cruelty, and barbarism due to the struggles of religious sects. On all sides of him he saw men making France a hell or a desert in the name of some absolute truth which, they declared, had come to them from God. Montaigne not only disbelieved in God and in absolute truths, he was also one of the most humane, rational, and civilized men that have ever lived. The temper of his mind was the same as that of Erasmus, but even finer and subtler and stronger. There can be no doubt that with great persistence and subtlety he used his Essays to attack the religious beliefs which were making life in France intolerable. It was impossible to attack them openly and frontally, and he therefore adopted a method of attrition pursued through perpetual irony, innuendos, and asides. To understand this second Montaigne it is essential to know his exact words and to study them with considerable attention. It is a study of great interest which increases, if that is possible, one's admiration of and affection for Montaigne.

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

THE MYSTICISM OF BLAKE

Poetry and Prose of William Blake. Edited by GEOFFREY KEYNES. Complete in one volume. (The Nonesuch Press. 12s. 6d.)

The Marriage of Heaven and Hell. By WILLIAM BLAKE. Full-colour facsimile edition. (Dent. 21s.)

The Life of William Blake. By MONA WILSON. Limited to 1,480 copies. (The Nonesuch Press. £2 5s.)

An Introduction to the Study of Blake. By MAX PLOWMAN. (Dent. 4s. 6d.)

Pencil Drawings of William Blake. Edited by GEOFFREY KEYNES. Limited to 1,550 copies. (The Nonesuch Press. 35s.)

The Mysticism of William Blake. By HELEN C. WHITE. (The University of Wisconsin Press, Madison. \$2.50.)

IF we have not yet made up our minds about Blake, we have no longer any excuse for not doing so. Mr. Keynes has compressed his great edition of 1925 into one volume which is not only of convenient size, but of convenient price. The Nonesuch Press has produced it in a form both beautiful and practical; and 1,152 pages of India paper for twelve and six is extremely cheap. Variant readings are omitted; but there is no doubt that we now have what will remain the standard text. What is more, this volume will introduce many readers to parts of Blake's work which are almost unknown. In the miscellaneous prose and the marginalia and the correspondence there is much of great interest; and there is the wholly delightful and surprising "Peacockian" fragment, "An Island in the Moon." The Nonesuch Press has also made a very fine edition of Blake's drawings, prepared by Mr. Keynes with explanatory text; and this book also is extremely cheap at thirty-five shillings. "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," to which Mr. Max Plowman contributes an essay, may not seem relatively so cheap at a guinea—but it is not only fully illustrated but illuminated. It is a book which all libraries, and all individual enthusiasts, ought to possess. For Blake was not only both poet and draughtsman, he was also the producer of his own books. Other men have both painted and written; but with Blake the two activities were almost one. You cannot say that he illustrated his writings, or that he provided texts to his drawings: he did both at once. That is one reason why Blake is so difficult a subject; the critic of Blake should be highly skilled in the technique of verse and prose and the technique of drawing and design and colour (for which reason I approach him with diffidence). "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell" is one of his most amazing works, a book equal in importance to "Also Sprach Zarathustra": and here we have it as nearly as possible in the form in which Blake meant it to be read. No one who has read it and looked at it in this new edition will want to read it in any other.

The other books are of various interest and unequal value. Miss Wilson's "Life," also beautifully done, with a capital choice of illustrations, by the Nonesuch Press, is an impressive book. It is the most nearly complete Life of Blake yet written; it is well written, and it is scholarly. We may not always agree with Miss Wilson's criticism, but she knows what she is talking about. She has written a genuine biography, not trying to write history and criticism at once; and in consequence this is a book which will keep its value.

Mr. Plowman's "Introduction" is a disappointing book. It might better be called, "Preface to an Introduction to an Introduction." I turned from page to page hungrily, always hoping finally to be introduced, but the introduction never came off. It is not that Mr. Plowman does not know his subject. On the contrary, he knows it very well, and the essay at the end of "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell" is quite interesting. Nor is it that Mr. Plowman is too enthusiastic; one cannot be too enthusiastic. But in this book the enthusiasm itself is the theme, instead of being (as it should be) a kind of steady glow illuminating the merest statement of fact. Enthusiasm should inspire statement; in Mr. Plowman's book it takes the place of statement. Thus

we get wildly sweeping assertions: "Blake freed Western art from slavish adherence to Nature" (p. 19). Not merely English art, observe, but *Western* art. One would expect such an affirmation to be backed up by some account of influence by Blake upon French art; but the author passes on. "When Blake took for his province the human soul he found it a world wholly unmapped and uncharted" (p. 45). What is the difference between mapping and charting? And what had people been trying to do for a couple of thousand years? They may have mapped and charted wrong—but they had done their best. All this is regrettable; because Mr. Plowman has studied his subject enough, and is quite intelligent enough, to write a good book about Blake.

Miss White's book is an American production. It is rather oppressively academic; but if we must choose between the popular style of Mr. Plowman and the university style of Miss White we plump for the latter. This is an intelligent book, and the sanest and most careful statement of its subject: Blake's "mysticism." It is to be hoped that Miss White will condense it for publication in this country, as publications of Wisconsin University are not very accessible. First of all, Miss White has made a thorough study of mysticism in general. This occupies the most of two or three chapters. She was quite right to make the investigation; for it has enabled her to point out that Blake is not a mystic; but she could quite well have made a separate book of it. But anyone who does not realize the immense differences between the various types of mysticism would do well to read it.

Our chief interest in the subject, in this context, is that we want to make up our minds about the value, as poetry, of the "prophetic books." I am not sure that there is any such thing as "mystical poetry." Mysticism, after all, and whatever we think of it, is a whole-time job; and so is poetry. The last canto of the *Paradiso* may be genuinely "mystical poetry." In that canto Dante is describing, with economy and felicity of words, a mystical experience. But when Wordsworth's great Ode, which is simply great poetry based on a fallacy, or Crashaw's "St. Theresa," which is simply a supreme instance of the erotic-devotional (I do not imply any censure of the erotic-devotional) is described as "mysticism," I cannot agree. Miss White proceeds, very rightly, to discuss Blake as a *visionary*, in contrast to *mystic*, and all that she says is excellent. Blake was not even a first-rate visionary: his visions have a certain illiteracy about them, like those of Swedenborg or (without prejudice) the Rev. Mr. Vale Owen in the Sunday paper a few years ago. Was he, then, a great philosopher? No, he did not know enough. He made a Universe; and very few people can do that. But the fact that the gift is rare does not make it necessarily valuable. It is not any one man's business to make a Universe; and what any one man can make in this way is not, in the end, so good or so useful as the ordinary Universe which we all make together. And to do what Blake did requires two things which are not good things. All of these commentators—Miss Wilson, Mr. Plowman, and Miss White—have told us that Blake was completely alone, and that he was deficient in humility, or exceeding in pride. Now Isolation is not conducive to correct thinking; and Pride (or lack of Humility) is, we know, one of the chief theological sins. Blake is philosophically an autodidact amateur; theologically, a heretic.

But this does not mean that we can afford to ignore the Prophetic Books as poetry, and confine our interest to the Songs. Mr. Keynes and the Nonesuch Press have made these terrible epics as readable as possible; and we ought to read them. Blake was not one man in the Songs and another in the Books: the genius and the inspiration are continuous. The Books are full of poetry, and fine poetry, too. But they show very sadly that genius and inspiration are not enough for a poet. He must have education, by which I do not mean erudition but a kind of mental and moral discipline. The great poet—even the greatest—knows his own limitations and works within them. It was Goethe who best stated this truth. The poet also knows that it is no good, in writing poetry, to try to be anything but a poet.

T. S. ELIOT.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

The Road to Xanadu: a Study in the Ways of Imagination. By JOHN LIVINGSTON LOWES. (Constable. 31s. 6d.)

THERE are some, and I count myself among them, for whom "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" is the most thrilling poem in English. We crouch fascinated beneath the long grey beard, the glittering eye; we "listen like a three-years' child," we "cannot choose but hear." For us, the poem hangs becalmed for ever in the upper sky of English poetry. There it was put by a brilliant, feckless creature called Coleridge, but from what he fashioned it, whether it was written in ink or in the juice of poppies, whether it is good sense, or good science, or good morality, are bootless questions. There its sovereign fabric hangs, in an indestructible world of its own. Well-aimed critical projectiles have often passed clean through the place where it seems to be, leaving no mark on its aery body, no shadow on the light which irradiates it.

And now Mr. Lowes, in a vast, engrossing book, has hauled the shining image down and gone over it thoroughly with the microscope of close scholarship. "The Road to Xanadu" is the prodigious essay of a literary detective. Coleridge, it is said, read everything he could come at; but Mr. Lowes' reading is a greater marvel, for he seems to have read, not only every book which Coleridge certainly read before writing "The Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan," but also every book which might have come his way, besides, of course, everything that has been written about Coleridge since 1800. He has thus hunted out, assembled, analyzed, and combined the literary images which, sinking into Coleridge's unconscious mind and later evoked when the imaginative impulse began to work on "The Ancient Mariner," probably left their mark on the fabric of the poem. One shudders to think what this book might have been. The Ancient Mariner might have been torn to pieces in this grim endeavour to determine his constitution. But Mr. Lowes is evidently "one of three." He has been under the spell; with all his scholarly gusto he is humble, humorous, and human. And so, when he has finished with "The Ancient Mariner," we can look up and assure ourselves that the image somehow hangs still unflawed in the upper air, and is even enriched (though hardly so much as Mr. Lowes thinks) by his enormous labours.

It would take a complete issue of THE NATION to recount all that is in this book. On its first page we are promised:—

"... alligators and albatrosses and auroras and Antichthonies; biscuit-worms, bubbles of ice, bassoons, and breezes; candles, and Cain, and the Corpo Santo; Dioclesian, King of Syria, and the dæmons of the elements; earthquakes, and the Euphrates; frost-needles, and fog-smoke, and phosphorescent light; gooseberries, and the Gordonia lasianthus..."

and so on through the alphabet. The feast is even stranger than this, and is, indeed, served with such gusto that even the notes (covering 150 closely printed pages of a volume of over 600), to which Mr. Lowes has relegated the by-paths of the complicated literary country he has explored, can hardly be skipped. The hunt starts with a forgotten notebook which extends over the critical years 1797-8. This extraordinary document is itself glorious fun, but its clues lead, in one delectable direction, to the travel books of the old sailors, and in another to eighteenth-century scientific treatises and the early Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society. Thus we are soon deep in astronomical portents of extreme latitudes, the natural history of water-snakes and marine slime, the chemistry of candleflames, early seismological observations, the dimensions of albatrosses, the rise of the Neoplatonic dæmon, the theatrical career of the Wandering Jew, the subterranean course of the Nile, and a hundred other topics which dropped into the boiling of Coleridge's wonder-haunted brain. And in the end Mr. Lowes traces, in many linked phrases and stanzas of "The Ancient Mariner," unmistakable echoes of passages which Coleridge must have read, and gives chapter and verse for almost every significant phrase of "Kubla Khan."

The question remains, is anything of importance demonstrated by this research? Mr. Lowes' main contention is that the poetic imagination never works in a vacuum. The poet, he says, accumulates experience, most of which drops

unremembered into the well of the unconscious, there to fructify and form new associations. Later, an impulse from the conscious world strikes down into the well, and the "hooked atoms" of associating elements stream up in new combinations. In rare cases, where the will abdicates its control, a dream poem, such as "Kubla Khan," is produced. But imaginative control, usually at work in some degree, selects from the chaos of linked elements thus thrown up, combines them with conscious images, and moulds the whole to poetic form. "The Ancient Mariner" is a supreme example of a great work of conscious art derived mainly from unconscious elements. All this is, I think, indefeasible if sufficient generality is allowed to the original occupants of "the well"; and Mr. Lowes' analysis of the contrast between the births of "The Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan" from the same unconscious elements is illuminating. But Mr. Lowes' "hooked atoms" are almost entirely literary ones: the Coleridge of his study is a man without passions who read many books. Mr. Lowes has in fact discovered only a part of the data which would explain why "The Ancient Mariner" arose; the remainder can only be guessed at, because they involve the poet's emotional state. It is natural that Mr. Lowes, hot on his literary scent, should do less than justice to the emotional aspects of his problem. He takes his stand on the hard facts of his research, trounces Mr. Graves for a slipshod psycho-analysis of "Kubla Khan," and will have none of Mr. J. M. Robertson's plausible argument that Coleridge's short and glorious burst of poetry in a lifetime of wandering through "the holy jungle of transcendental metaphysics" is to be attributed to the initial stimulant of the opium habit. Whether we are to thank our stars that Coleridge took opium will probably remain doubtful; but this hypothesis might live in perfect amity with all Mr. Lowes' discoveries, for a set of facts may be perfectly hard without being perfectly complete.

BARRINGTON GATES.

THE THAMES AND THE SEINE

In and About Paris. By SISLEY HUDDLESTON. (Methuen. 15s.)
A Wayfarer on the Seine. By E. I. ROBSON. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)
A Londoner's Own London. By C. G. HARPER. (Palmer. 10s. 6d.)
Just Beyond London. By G. S. MAXWELL. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

A BOOK about Paris (just as a book about London) must have some very outstanding merit to be conspicuous amongst the immense bibliography of the two cities. But there is always room for the informal guide-book, if it be written well, with feeling and knowledge and real observation. Mr. Sisley Huddleston knows his Paris intimately, as one who has lived there for a long period. He writes fondly and instructively of many phases of Parisian life, but his is a guide for the initiated rather than for the beginner. It would seem that some previous knowledge of Paris is necessary (certainly valuable) to the full enjoyment of his leisured pages.

Haphazard arrangement in writing is nearly always a blemish, but it only serves to strengthen the pleasant impression of Mr. Huddleston's book. He begins with a chapter of history, follows it with a description of Parisian home life, hotels and restaurants (like all wise men he keeps his best "tips" to himself), then, via a chapter on Fêtes, to sketches of the Grands Boulevards, the Seine, the churches, parks and gardens. His chapter on the Luxembourg Gardens makes at least one of his readers determined to spend more time there when next in Paris:—

"The students march to and fro for hours along a consecrated path from the Odeon gate to the end of the terrace. Girls as lighthearted and loquacious as the twittering sparrows which abound, laugh and chatter until eventide. Down the white steps boys run to sail their boats in the spraying fountain. . . . Black-coated bourgeois, retired from business, play at croquet under the cheeky eyes of the blackbirds."

As he warms to his task Mr. Huddleston writes some admirable chapters on the quartier. Montmartre old and new, Montparnasse, the Latin Quarter. His book is stored with wise advice to the visitor in such matters as eating, drinking, theatre-going, and discreet behaviour, but it is from little passages such as this that it derives its most pleasant flavour:—

"The other day, sitting in the Café au Panthéon, I found myself surrounded by a dancing company of students, boys and girls, gesticulating, singing. They had, I know not how, for they were complete strangers to me, recognized me as sympathetic to them. When I invited them to gather round and to drink they raised a cheer which was surely heard from one end of Boul Mich to the other. Nobody was shocked at their noisy behaviour, nobody took any particular notice. When I asked them to explain the cause of their merriment they eagerly answered, the successful passing of an examination by some of their number. Those who had not passed were just as pleased as the others. We wished each other, these young folk and I, every happiness."

If it has not been inferred already, it may be said that Mr. Huddleston's book will take a worthy place amongst books about Paris. It is, by the way, poor gratitude to mention, as an afterthought, that it is adorned by some delightful drawings by Mr. Handlip Fletcher reproduced in collotype.

It is one thing to make a book and another to write one, and "A Wayfarer on the Seine," by E. I. Robson (also delightfully illustrated by J. R. E. Howard), bears every evidence of patient manufacture. Its historical passages have only a guide-book quality, though in its unpretentious whole, it may serve to fulfil its author's purpose to invite "the wayfarer to love the Seine."

If Mr. Huddleston's book is a book for graduates, Mr. C. G. Harper's "A Londoner's Own London" is a book for schoolboys or provincials. One cannot help being a little impatient of such information as "The extremely serious-looking building at the Western horn of Aldwych is the Gaiety Theatre"—but it may be of value to the complete novice, who will find it must be said, much to whet his appetite for exploration of London, in Mr. Harper's pages.

"Just Beyond London," by Mr. Gordon S. Maxwell, is one of those books that are written with gusto but are most tedious to read. In fairness it should be recommended to students of patience for some new anecdotes.

In this bundle of books London and the Thames have not been so well served as Paris and the Seine.

CHARACTER

The Psychology of Character. By DR. A. A. ROBACK. (Kegan Paul. 21s.)

"CHARACTER," writes Dr. Roback, "is that part of the personality which remains after the cognitive, affective, and physical qualities have been abstracted. Character, then, covers the volitional and inhibitory phases of behaviour." At the same time, recognizing the truth of the old maxim that there is an element of reasoning in all volition, and of volition in all reasoning, he adds: "And yet it is dependent on intelligence to a large extent, and is affected by temperament. . . ." Temperament, which is the subsidiary topic of this book, he defines as "the sum total of one's affective qualities as they impress others." Taking his stand upon these definitions, the author reviews and selects from an amazingly diverse material.

His erudition, at least, is unimpeachable. Apart from the bibliography, including about 1,500 titles and published separately, there is evidence enough in the table of contents to prove his comprehension of the historical aspect of his subject. From the literary characterologists, proverbial love and biography at one extreme to the humoral doctrine and endocrinology at the other, the scope of character-study is faithfully represented: indeed, in his desire to cover the whole field he occasionally loses contact with his definitions. As a survey, however, there can be little but praise for this work. It is enlightening to find modern principles—compensation, negativism, introversion—exemplified, though scarcely realized, by early writers such as Theophrastus, Bacon, Earle, and La Bruyère: and the fundamental distinction between the type-classification and the individual-analysis schools is brought well to the surface. Dr. Roback's method of dealing with the main divisions of his subject on a geographical basis appears to be thoroughly justified.

On the whole, too, perspective is successfully maintained. The author has an undeniable ability for keeping sight of historical continuity while examining and evaluating particular trends. His laudable attempt to get the psycho-analytic school back within proper limits does, it is true,

seem to incline him towards an absolute severance of the study of character from the study of the unconscious: but this, like his tendency to side with any theory that implies a hierarchy of psychological values, is the inevitable outcome of his constructive thesis. All the same, one cannot put any branch of a science in its place simply by understressing it. Freud and Jung have provided material and stimulus for much attention on the part of the critical historian of character, and it is odd to find such provocative concepts as the paterfamilial influence and the uterine sleep ignored. Again, though there is a long section devoted to experimental psychology, no mention is made of Jung's well-known association tests. But the most remarkable omission is that of Rivers, who only receives a curt footnote, though his psychophysical parallelism of the protopathic and epicritic sensibilities is perhaps the best modification of Freud yet given us, and is based—like Roback's own theory of character—on the instincts.

Turning to the constructive part of the book, which occupies 120 out of a total 570 pages, we find a final definition of character as "an enduring psycho-physical disposition to inhibit instinctive impulses in accordance with a regulative principle." The writer argues well on behalf of what he allows to be apparently a reactionary view. In his insistence upon the interactivity of instincts and dynamic ideas (and probably of endocrine and mental functions); in his championship of principles and values; and in his assertion that it is the *type*, not the *fact*, of rationalization which counts, he has our full support. This position involves, of course, a transition from character in the purely psychological sense to character in the socio-psychological sense ("a man of character"), though the writer struggles hard, and perhaps unnecessarily, to keep morality out of the issue. Indeed, he admits that it is because so-called "positive traits" are synonymous with "virtues" that he takes inhibition as the form of character. But surely, if he is right in taking principles as his keynote, character must be equally the exploitation of certain instincts in accordance with a principle as the inhibition of others.

Just as Dr. Roback exhibits occasional "blind spots" in a generally acute exposition, so we find his otherwise adequate and agreeable style marred here and there by journalese ("the Concord sage"; "the great Koenigsberger," &c.), and outlandish lapses such as "we should be involved in a *hopeless mess*," or "the contrary trait is never completely *squelched*." As a whole, the book is too uneven; but it is learned, honest, and in its way massive. We can confidently recommend it both to the layman and the practitioner of psychology.

AFRICA AND AFRICANS

An Africa for Africans. By ARTHUR S. CRIPPS. With a Preface by PHILIP H. KERR. (Longmans. 9s.)

The History of Native Policy in South Africa from 1830 to the Present Day. By EDGAR H. BROOKES. Second revised edition. (Simpkin, Marshall. 22s. 6d.)

THESE two books deserve the attention of all who are concerned with the dangerous problem of the future of whites and blacks in South Africa. Each of the authors can speak with the authority of experience. Mr. Cripps has been for many years a missionary in Mashonaland; Professor Brookes is, we believe, a South African and is a Professor of Public Administration and Political Science in Pretoria. Temperamentally they are poles apart, yet it is significant that there is more agreement than difference in the way in which they would have the problem handled.

That problem is, as in so many places, the problem of a clash of civilizations obscured by the superficial problem of racial antagonism. A small white minority, a large and increasing black majority; the whites "imperialist," dominant, capitalistic, uneasy and therefore unjust and predatory; the blacks in the embryonic stages of revolt, harried from their land, harried into wage-earning, harried by pass-laws, education, the professions of Christianity and Western civilization, drink, and venereal diseases, but beginning already to kick against the pricks.

Mr. Cripps's solution of the problem is one which is

becoming more and more popular among serious people in South Africa. It is summed up in the blessed word "segregation." The word covers a multitude of meanings, but it is used primarily—and mainly by Mr. Cripps—in the geographical sense, *i.e.*, the proposal is that the land shall be divided into two territories, in one of which only blacks and in the other only whites may acquire or occupy land. Mr. Cripps argues his case with knowledge and passion. He writes badly and his book is disorderly and confusing. But it is well worth reading for the facts which it gives and for the light of its author's earnestness and experience which filters through the pages.

Professor Brookes's book is perhaps the most important on South Africa and the whole problem of native policy in Africa that has so far been written. Published in South Africa, it is not well known in this country, and it is a pity that this revised edition should be published at so high a price and with so many misprints in it. It is, indeed, essential that everyone concerned with the question should read it. As a history of native policy it is exhaustive and in every way admirable. As a critic of that policy Professor Brookes is both fair and trenchant, patriotic and open-minded. He sees clearly that the future is menacing if a policy of dominance and exploitation continues. Constructively his book is intensely interesting. As he surveys the past, present, and future policy in its several departments—administration, government, land, agriculture, industry, education, &c.—it becomes apparent that his solution is one of differentiation rather than segregation. That solution and his arguments are worked out in such detail that it would be unfair to him to summarize or criticize them in a small space. The book itself is one which should be read.

THE CONDITIONED REFLEX

Conditioned Reflexes of the Cerebral Hemispheres. By IVAN PAVLOV. Translated under the supervision of GLEB ANREP. (Oxford University Press. 28s.)

The lectures published in this book summarize the work carried out by Professor Pavlov and his assistants during about a quarter of a century. They are a record of ingenious and careful work in a field in which the author has been the great pioneer. The Royal Society is to be congratulated on securing their publication in English, and Dr. Anrep on the excellence of the translation.

Pavlov's subject is the physiology of the cerebral hemispheres and his approach, of course, by way of the "conditioned reflex." The hemispheres are for him rather the organ of the conditioned reflex than the seat or organ of consciousness or thought, and it is the conditioned reflex that governs almost all the reactions of animate nature to its surroundings.

The reflex is the unit out of which the total behaviour of the animal is built up. It is described as the necessary reaction to an external stimulus. The most familiar example is probably the knee jerk elicited by a blow on the tendon below the knee cap, but the reflexes with which Pavlov chiefly works, as is well known, are those of the production of different forms of saliva in response to the stimulus of food or weak acid placed in a dog's mouth. This reaction is a "natural" or "inborn" reflex, and the "conditioned" reflex consists in the making of the same response to some other stimulus which has been associated with the "natural" stimulus. Ring a bell when you give a dog his food and the dog comes to salivate on hearing the bell.

The advantage of the salivary reflexes are that their strength can be accurately measured. By causing the salivary ducts to open outside the dog's mouth it is possible to collect and measure the saliva secreted.

Using the conditioned reflex as a means of investigation it is possible to discover various things about the dog which would otherwise be beyond our determination. It can be shown that dogs will react to sounds too high pitched for the human ear to detect, that they are mostly colour-blind, and so forth. That is to say, they are sensitive to stimuli which have no effect on man and insensitive to others to which man is sensitive.

The most interesting experiments, however, are more

complicated, and concern mainly the interaction of different reflexes. Train a dog to salivate at the sound of a note—say, middle C. Then sound middle C a certain number of times and do not follow it up by food and the note will lose its power of evoking a reflex, but further it will acquire a definite inhibitory power over other reflexes. Conditioned reflexes may be inhibited in various other ways also, as by their too frequent repetition at short intervals, even when "reinforced" by their natural stimulus and on the basis of this form of inhibition Pavlov has constructed a theory as to the mechanism of sleep and of hypnotism. By producing a conflict between reflexes also he has reduced his dogs to a state which seems to correspond to some forms of "neurasthenia" in men.

The advantage of Pavlov's experiments is that they are, as he says, thoroughly objective. They can be repeated and checked by other observers, and their results are to some extent measurable. Their interest for most people depends, however, in their application to human beings. Pavlov points out with justice that important results have been obtained from experiments on the kidneys and hearts of dogs and tries to apply a similar method to the study of the hemispheres. The worst of his argument, of course, is that while the hearts and kidneys of dogs are structurally and functionally very similar to those of men, the human brain has so developed that the argument from dog to man must always be extremely hazardous. It is just as dangerous to argue from the brain of a dog to the brain of a man as it would be to argue from the consciousness of man to the consciousness of a dog.

A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY DIPLOMAT

The Turkish Letters of Ogier Ghiselin de Busbecq. Translated by EDWARD SEYMOUR FORSTER. (Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d.)

It is remarkable that a book at once so informative and entertaining as these letters of a sixteenth-century ambassador to Constantinople should have suffered comparative neglect. Frequent reference to Busbecq may be found in the footnotes of Gibbon, Motley, and other writers, and his "Turkish Letters" were frequently reprinted until the early eighteenth century. The book, however, has only twice appeared in English—firstly, in 1694, and secondly, as part of an elaborate treatise on Busbecq and his times published in 1881. The present translation owes its origin to Mr. Forster's coming by chance into possession some years ago of a copy of the Elzevir edition of 1633. The subject-matter proved so attractive to him, and awoke such interest among his hearers when he made it the material for a lecture, that he was inspired to translate the "Letters" for the benefit of a wider—and, we may safely prophesy, a grateful—public.

The appeal of the book is twofold. Busbecq was sent to Constantinople by Charles V. in 1554, when Soleiman the Magnificent was Sultan, and the Ottoman Empire, being at the height of its glory, was a real menace to Europe. The plains of Hungary had been invaded and Vienna had narrowly escaped seizure. It was with a view to conciliating Soleiman that Busbecq went to Turkey, and, judging by the qualities manifested in his letters, it is not surprising that he was successful. But the political interest of the book, though considerable, is subsidiary. Its first claim to attention lies in the concise, yet detailed, and extraordinarily vivid, picture which it supplies of the Constantinople of the period, and of the habits—social, religious, and military—of the Turks. Some account is also given of certain parts of Asia Minor, into which the writer was the first European to penetrate.

But Busbecq's letters also offer an intimate reflection of a many-sided and charming personality. Busbecq was not merely an ambassador. He was a very learned scholar, an antiquarian, a linguist, and a botanist, to whom, among many other things, we owe the introduction of the lilac and the tulip into Western Europe. Withal, he emerges from these letters—addressed to a friend of his student days and never intended for publication—as a character of rare honesty, sweetness, and simplicity. His charity and impartiality—he was no blind or uncritical patriot—might well be studied by many a present-day diplomat, and his reflections on religion and on life in general further show him to have

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NOVELS IN BRIEF

The Higher the Fewer. By ARTHUR VIVIAN. (Cayme Press. 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Vivian's book is so good and so bad that it is impossible to give a satisfactory opinion of it in the space at command. A list of his tricks and absurdities would fill a column. It is a pity that he found it necessary to scatter scraps of mediocre verse up and down his novel. His inflated style is often comical. In his preface, he states his intention of studying happiness. But, as we read, the conviction grows that we are being made spectators of not the study of happiness, but of priggishness. Ivor, the arch-prig, sometimes resembles Willoughby Patterne. The trouble is that he is not a prig to the author, and that is really distressing. The story begins five years after Ivor and Marion are married. In the prologue, the situation between them is stated: they love each other—oh, dearly—but he is not satisfied with her responses. This is repeated, at some length, in a speciously close-woven prose, three distinct times, in the first three chapters. It is considered, but only nominally, from three different angles. Then we watch Ivor and Marion living. There is trouble, then comes perfect reconciliation. Mr. Vivian's pages of analysis are certainly related both to life and literature. His conception of Marion, with the power of clear thought she is able to use at will, is a pretty conceit.

The Silver Cord. By GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN. (Putnam. 7s. 6d.)

The silver cord is not a clue in a mystery. Life is "a sort of continuing and shining silver cord to which we may all cling, but that neither you nor I can break." However, it does not matter what this means. The publishers, in their patronizing way, are sure that while the majority of readers will enjoy this novel only for the sake of its story, there is wisdom for the few. Leaving the wisdom for the few, we recognize an unusually good and original story. Harry Jones is suddenly afflicted with acne rosacea. Acutely conscious of his unsightliness, he becomes estranged from all his friends. He lives in seclusion and bitterness until, unable to bear his isolated life in once happy surroundings, he runs away, but not before a strange conjunction of circumstances results in his being charged with embezzlement and murder. He takes refuge in Haiti, where he meets the Beard of God, the Papa Loi of the natives, who is also a white fugitive from justice. Beard nurses Harry through an attack of fever, from which he emerges physically and even mentally a new man. Thereupon Harry, now unidentifiable with his former wretched self, returns to his native town, clears his name, and wins his love. Perhaps the best thing in the book is the girl Midge. Her subtle loss of self-respect through having been deceived in her two lovers is a good touch.

The Hotel. By ELIZABETH BOWEN. (Constable. 7s. 6d.)

Miss Bowen's novel is good. It is impossible to read it and not feel respect for her talent and pleasure in this manifestation of it. Her first novel, it is full of promise and even of considerable achievement. For example, the poise of her work is exquisite. She has chosen a felicitous method. She crystallizes her narrative into scenes all the way through, and each scene drives the story forward or definitely increases our knowledge of some dozen English people wintering in a hotel on the Italian Riviera. She seems to have let herself go in provoking in us a kind of pungent amusement, half intellectual and half emotional. The effect of this is to give the book an unusual value, because it makes it appear to have been written from the cherished feelings of a young and brilliant nature. This is altogether delightful and rare. Attention and enjoyment centre, naturally, in the writer's treatment of her fine and attractive types, Sidney Warren, Mrs. Kerr, Ronald Kerr, James Milton and the Laurence girls. But from another point of view, she is even more successful with the others, the Lee-Mittisons for instance, because she does not make us feel depressed over them with all their insipidity and stodginess. There are two main contrary things to be said. The girl Sidney is not sufficiently explained, and the interest falls off towards the end.

THE OWNER-DRIVER LOOKING FORWARD TO THE SHOW

UNTIL a few years ago most car manufacturers did not announce their prices until the night before the Motor Show, and a few actually held their figures back until crowds began to gather round their stands next morning. But the rules now provide that prices must be printed in the Show catalogue. Consequently there is more to be gained than lost by issuing them to the public well in advance.

There has been a good deal of talk lately about the "stabilization of prices." Literally speaking, there can be no such thing in this ever-changing world, but I am glad to say manufacturers realize now that "sweeping reductions" in the automobile trade have their drawbacks. Nothing upsets an owner-driver more than to find he would have saved £50 or £100 if he had deferred his purchase a week or two.

A tendency towards stabilization is very marked this year, and such reductions in prices as have been announced so far are due to increased sales, better production methods, and keen competition amongst suppliers of components.

Eight years ago one of the biggest men in the motor world, one with widespread interests in America and Europe, told me that nothing could put the trade in this country on its legs, as we had fallen too far behind. But there have been radical changes since then, and this is probably one of the most prosperous industries in England to-day; it is certainly one of the most progressive.

All this is good for the Owner-Driver. He is able to buy a sound British car cheaper than ever.

This is a day of "Slogans," and we shall soon see in large type in the newspapers such headings as:

"BIG BOOM IN FABRIC COACHWORK."

Fabric-covered bodies will be one of the outstanding features of the Show next month, but they are not going to oust all other types. Revolutionary changes, especially in such a matter as this, are practically impossible in a conservative country like our own—that is why cellulose has not made more rapid headway—but fabric-covered coachwork will arrest much attention at Olympia, if for no other reason than that almost every car producer intends to offer one or more models in this type.

Bodies of this construction are eminently suitable for low-powered cars on account of their lightness, but their growing popularity is due also to the fact that the methods of production enable the makers to provide generous seating accommodation on short chassis at reasonable prices.

The prophets declared twelve months ago that this would be a boom year for cellulose, but I have seen nothing more than a reasonable increase in demand. I can speak well of cellulose from personal experience, but there are a lot of cars which seem to say, "Don't have your coachwork finished with cellulose at any price." There has been a great deal of unintelligent experimental work, but it is possible now to secure a cellulose finish almost indistinguishable when new from the finest coach-painted and varnished surface. The latter will continue in favour for high-grade cars, chauffeur-driven, but the Owner-Driver will continue to look with sympathetic interest upon those who are striving to reduce his labours.

The "Sunshine" car will, I hope, appear at Olympia in many new forms. There is big business waiting for those who devise a simple and inexpensive method of rolling back the centre panel of the touring-car type of hood, in order to permit of passengers enjoying the sunshine without stopping to lower the hood. The ideal device must, of course, be double acting, so that the hood may be instantaneously made waterproof in the event of a sudden shower.

Improvements in the design of wind-screens come tardily, but manufacturers are surely alive to the fact that the division line in a new two-panel screen must be *well below the driver's line of vision*.

Coloured glass shades fitted in front of the windscreen, to protect the driver's eyes against glaring sun rays and dazzling headlights, are evidently regarded as a luxury in this country instead of a necessity. They enhance the appearance of a well-kept car and are very popular with passengers, besides being a boon to drivers.

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Mr. Rayner Roberts has for many years been recognized as an exceptionally well-informed writer on motoring subjects, and his wide experience as an Owner-Driver is at the service of our readers. Communications should be addressed to the Motor Editor, THE NATION AND ATHENÆUM, 38, Great James Street, London, W.C.1.

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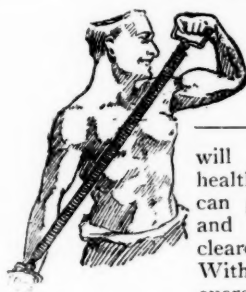
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FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

CONVERSIONS—INDUSTRIAL "BOOM"—CHEMICAL INDUSTRY—ALLIED CHEMICAL

THE Government's success in getting applications on Tuesday for £80,000,000 of the new $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Treasury Bonds, 1929-34, of which £65,000,000 were allotted at an average premium of 1s. 5.13d. (£99 7s. 5.13d.), had little effect upon prices in the gilt-edged market. Nor was it to be expected, seeing that this was mainly a money market transaction. The remaining £65,000,000 odd of 5 per cent. and 4 per cent. National War Bonds, which are to be repaid on October 1st out of the proceeds of these allotments of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Treasury Bonds, are for the most part in the hands of banks and discount houses. The conversion offer this week-end to holders of £62,700,000 $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. War Loan falling due on March 1st, and of the £150,000,000 National War Bonds maturing on April 1st, will be of much more importance to the public and the Stock Exchange. The National War Bonds carry the right to convert into 5 per cent. War Loan at 95, but the Government intends to offer holders of both the National War Bonds and $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. War Loan the right of conversion into $3\frac{1}{2}$ Conversion Loan at a certain price. The attraction of the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Conversion Loan lies in its 2 per cent. sinking fund—an expensive redemption provision which the Colwyn Committee was not in favour of perpetuating. In fact, why the Government chooses to offer $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Conversion Loan instead of the 4 per cent. Consolidated Loan, whose sinking fund is limited to £10,000,000 per annum, is not clear. In any case, most holders of the maturing short-dated loans will not want to convert into a long-dated security, particularly as the 5 per cent. War Loan, 1929-47, which may be regarded as falling between the short-dated and long-dated varieties, offers the best yield in the gilt-edged market. Why, then, does the Treasury bluff with $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Conversion, and run the risk of a conversion failure?

It is usual for the financial Press to suggest at these times that investors should accept the Government conversion offer on the ground that they may never have another chance of exchanging into a long-dated security on such attractive terms. At the moment of writing we do not know the terms, but we do know that this will be the third time that Conversion $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. has had to be offered on terms more favourable to buyers than the time before. These are the previous occasions:—

Date of Tender.	Minimum Price.	Average Premium.
January, 1925	77½	11.58d.
March, 1925	76½	1/11.82d.
September, 1925	76½	1/0.402d.

The price of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Conversion to-day is 75.

At the beginning of this month, when the numbers of unemployed were steadily increasing, there were signs on the Stock Exchange of a minor boom in industrial shares. The INVESTORS' CHRONICLE index for commercial and industrial shares (excluding railways, banks, and insurance) rose 5 points during August, to 139.9, which is a record. This compares with 118.3 at August 30th, 1926, and 123.0 at the end of last year (100 = December 31st, 1923). Of course, index numbers do not tell the whole tale. For the past three years there has been an autumn recovery in the index figures for coal, iron, and steel shares, and to a less extent in textiles and shipping shares. It would seem that after the summer holidays it is the fashion to entertain hopes of a recovery in the staple heavy industries. The present autumnal jump to 139.9 in the general industrial index is due rather to the rise in newspaper shares, in artificial silk shares, and in the "miscellaneous" group which includes such leaders as Dunlop, Swedish Match, and Bryant & May, and such "luxury" traders as Gramophone and Columbia Graphophone. Newspaper shares, for example, have the highest individual index (224.6 on

August 31st, against 136.8 a year ago) of any group in the commercial and industrial section, while the jump in the "miscellaneous" group is due largely to match shares, in particular, Bryant & May. The Stock Exchange cannot, therefore, be accused of running amok or of ignoring the general state of trade in the country. As it happens, reaction in the smaller artificial silk company shares has already set in. We advised caution in this market last week.

* * *

There is something significant in the rise in chemical share prices as expressed in the following indices: 110.7 at December 31st, 1926, 112.5 at April 29th, this year, and then 134.1, 147.3, 146.9, and 151.2 at the end of the four following months. The steadily increasing demand for chemical products coming from the agricultural, textile, artificial silk, photographic, and film industries, is the broad justification for this remarkable rise. Imperial Chemical is, of course, the leader in the chemical market. Imperial Chemical ordinary shares, after a dull period, have recently improved from 26s. 3d. to 27s. 9d. On the conservative official estimates, this year's trading should enable $8\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. to be earned on the ordinary shares and nearly 3 per cent. on the deferred after making due allowance for depreciation and reserves. Sir Alfred Mond has stated recently that negotiations between the British and Continental chemical manufacturers were proceeding satisfactorily. The linking up of the British and German chemical trusts would give Imperial Chemical a valuable connection with the leading oil trusts. The German Dye Trust has recently made an agreement with the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey with regard to the Bergius patents for the hydrogenation of coal and heavy oils. It is too early to expect commercial success with the hydrogenation of British coal, seeing that natural oil products are abnormally cheap, but the conversion of heavy oils into light oils under the Bergius patents is an oil refining development which the leading oil companies should push forward on a big scale. Progress may be slow, but the future before Imperial Chemical is vast. The Imperial Chemical report for the year to June 30th last should be issued next month.

* * *

Taking stock of the chemical industry, we must not forget the common shares of Allied Chemical and Dye Corporation, one of the best industrial investments in America. This Corporation was formed in 1920 as a merger of several big concerns, each dominating its own particular industry. It is now the world's largest individual producer of heavy chemicals and alkalis and coal-tar products. Its production of dyes, although a relatively small part of its own business, is on a scale which enables it to compete with the dye industry in any European country. It is now building a huge synthetic nitrogen plant at the cost of several million dollars, which it is finding out of its own treasury. Its financial position is extremely strong. In spite of big extensions of plant, the book value of its property and investments has been depreciated to a figure smaller than when the Corporation started operations. Its funded debt has been extinguished, its 7 per cent. preferred stock materially reduced (now \$39,284,900 outstanding), and its net working capital materially increased. Here is the statement of the earnings, dividends, and prices per common share (2,178,109 shares now outstanding) for the last six years:—

	PER COMMON SHARE.					
	1921.	1922.	1923.	1924.	1925.	1926.
Earned	\$2.64	\$5.75	\$7.61	\$7.25	\$8.18	\$9.79
Paid	\$3	\$4	\$4	\$4	\$4	\$4
Price Range	34-59	55-91	59-80	65-87	89-116	106-149

The present price of the common shares is 160, and the dividend rate has been increased this year to \$6. We think that the present price is justified on earning power, and that further appreciation will be seen.

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